Mr Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1342.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

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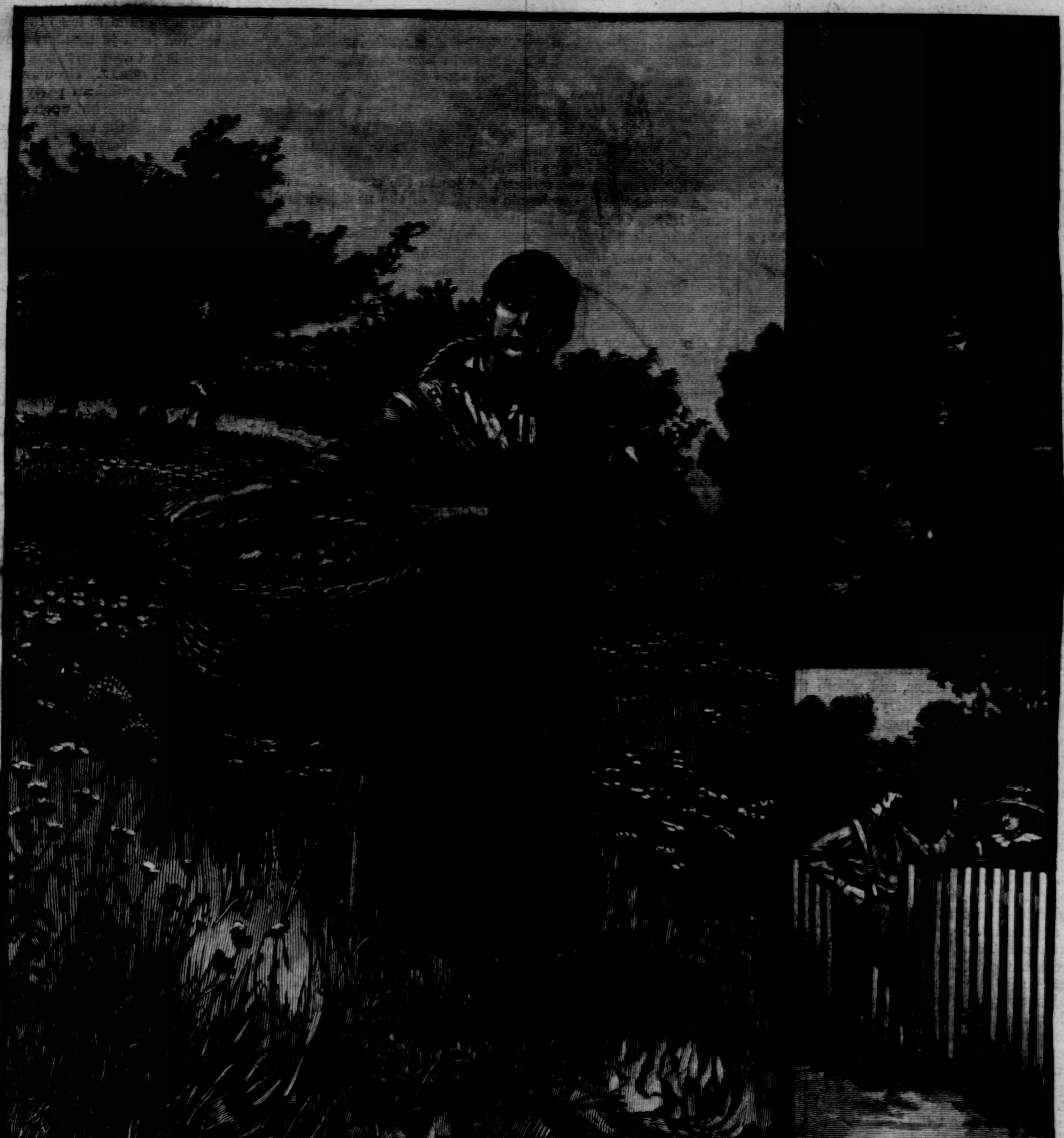


THE APPLE HARVEST.—Drawn by Emily L. Phillips.—[See Page 571.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 9, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 149, published September 5, is an exceptionally brilliant number in regard to illustrations.

Mrs. Jessie Shepherd *contributes a charming front page, drawn on the wood, and engraved by* Mr. Henry Claudius, *the subject a dainty little miss in her nurse's arms, whose hunger can not be appeased because the porridge is "Too Hot"; and a graceful and imaginative sketch, entitled "The Beautiful Land of Nod," accompanied by a poem by* Miss Ella Wheeler.

Mr. W. A. Rogers *treats with his graphic pencil a striking and disastrous adventure sustained by the young heroes of* Mr. Alden's *popular serial story, "The Cruise of the Canoe Club." There are two charming sketches of child life, drawn by* Miss Mary A. Lathbury, *and entitled "Morning" and "Evening."* Mr. W. P. Snyder *illustrates Part II. of* Miss Annette Noble's *story, "How Billy Went Up in the World." "Good-Morning" is a bright picture of a little girl offering an early greeting to a pet calf. The comic element is admirably sustained by the illustrations on the sixteenth page.*

Besides the admirable stories to which attention has already been called, the more important literary features of this number are a very interesting and instructive article by Mrs. S. B. Herrick, *entitled "Plants and Animals—their Difference"; "The Burial of the Old Flag," a historical poem, by* Miss Mary A. Barr; *a humorous sketch by* Mr. Allan Forman, *entitled "A Terrible Experience." "Badminton," by* Sherwood Ryse; *and a short story by* Mr. W. O. Stoddard.

THE STALWARTS AND MR. WADSWORTH.

We presume that nobody supposes that the Stalwart Republicans in New York really wish to support Mr. Wadsworth. They may vote for him in the Convention, but only when they find it impossible by any other course to prevent the renomination of Governor Cornell. The Governor's defeat is their first object, and if, to accomplish it, it becomes absolutely necessary to support Mr. Wadsworth, they will do so, but not otherwise. If they should really control the Convention, they would nominate their own man, who would not be Mr. Wadsworth. Our friends need not be alarmed by apparent Stalwart support into the notion that Mr. Wadsworth has some understanding with that wing. He is absolutely independent and unpledged. Those only are fooled who suppose that the Stalwarts really desire him as the candidate. At the elections to the Convention in districts which are opposed to them the Stalwarts will try to promote the choice of anti-Stalwart delegates who prefer various candidates, and whom they can hope to capture in an emergency. In the Convention itself, where they know party spirit to be very strong, and the plea for harmony very persuasive, they will vote so as to keep some anti-Stalwart candidate well abreast of the Governor, but not so far as to nominate him; and when the general opposition shall have shown, as they hope it will show, that the nomination of the Governor is impracticable, they will try to stampede the Convention for their real candidate, who may be Mr. Folger, Mr. Crowley, Mr. Starin, Mr. Clarence Seward, or some other. But anti-Stalwart Republicans ought to see plainly that any such candidate is doomed to defeat at the polls, and that the argument of party harmony and success is conclusive against him, whoever he may be, because in the present Republican temper a representative of either faction of the machine will be probably defeated.

The balance of power in this State, as every recent election has shown, is held by about ten thousand voters. There are many more than that number of independent Republicans who, under existing circumstances, would not support a Stalwart candidate. If to this opposition be added the latent hostility of the Cornell interest, the result is evident. It is no less plain, it seems to us, that the Stalwarts would prefer to lose the State rather than to see the Governor reëlected. The Governor himself will remember that in 1874, when there was no such rancor of division as now exists, the mere indifference of the machine resulted in the overwhelming defeat of Governor Dix. There was, indeed, a general reaction against the Republicans that year; but had the machine liked the candidate, his defeat, if accomplished, would have been less signal. We repeat that there is no doubt, if Governor Cornell should be renominated, that a large number of his old political comrades would "sell him out," and "scratch" him at the polls, although three years ago they could not find words contemptuous enough to describe the mingled wickedness and imbecility of "scratching." It is equally beyond doubt that if the Governor's former "pals" should succeed in nominating a candidate of their own kind, he would be decisively defeated at the polls by the lethargy of various classes of anti-Administration voters.

From the party point of view, therefore, the question of the nomination is one of expediency. If our estimate of the situation be correct, neither the renomination of the Governor nor the selection of a candidate by the anti-Cornell interest would secure success at the polls. Under existing circumstances, party success requires the nomination of a candidate like Mr. Wadsworth, who would not be the preference either of the Conkling or the Cornell wing, but who for obvious reasons would be supported by the great body of Republicans. As we said last week, if the sole alternative were a Conkling candidate or the Governor, we have little doubt that the Governor would be renominated. But as this is not the sole alternative, and as the situation makes practicable a candidate like Mr. Wadsworth, who is a representative of the best Republicanism, and who undoubtedly could be elected, while the Governor could not be elected, there ought to be no hesitation in uniting upon Mr. Wadsworth.

HELP FOR ICELAND.

Professor Fiske, of Cornell University, a scholar whose interest in Iceland has brought him into the most friendly relations with its scholars and people, has recently received a letter from Mr. Erikur Magnusson, one of the librarians of the University Library at Cambridge in England, informing him of a famine which threatens Iceland with a catastrophe. Since receiving a liberal constitution in 1874, there has been but one serious disaster in the country, and that was the volcanic eruption of the next year, 1875. Otherwise the prosperity of the island has been steadily increasing, and public improvements of many kinds, the reclaiming of land, the building of roads and bridges, the establishment of schools, museums, and libraries, with a growing native commercial enterprise, have done much to remove the ill effects of three centuries of neglect.

The Governor of Iceland has now published an appeal stating that the winter of 1880–81 was the severest within memory. It was followed by a cold summer, which did not produce more than half the average hay crop. Live stock was reduced by the failure of the crop, and the last winter was equally severe. Fodder ran short, and the poor animals were turned out to the mercy of savage weather. There was a sad destruction of stock, and in the spring came the great drifts of pack ice from Greenland choking every inlet and bay, and blighting the hay harvest in the best half of the island. A large portion of the country is now in a state of acute famine, and it is only a question of time how soon the other parts must follow.

The immediate necessity is a supply of food for man and beast, and Mr. Magnusson estimates that fully twenty-four hundred tons of grain, preserved meat, milk, etc., must be provided if relief is to be effectual, and that it should reach Iceland not later than the end of September. Money, he thinks, would be of less use than actual food. The Danish ministry have decided that money only shall be sent. But this decision is in the interest of Danish merchants, and involves a delay which may cost many lives. If English and American charity should send money to Mr. Magnusson at the University of Cambridge, England, or to Professor Fiske at Cornell University, in New York, a vessel could be at once dispatched so as to reach Iceland before the end of September.

PRINCIPLES AND PURSES.

Mr. Jay Hubbell's committee has resumed the farce of "voluntary contributions." Having requested the clerks in the public service to pay two per cent. of their salaries and to play that it was a free gift, and many of the clerks having declined to give to Mr. Hubbell the irresponsible disposition of the money which their families require, that gentleman now informs them that he has "noted with surprise" their failure to respond to his demand, and that he hopes that they will voluntarily send two per cent. immediately. Meanwhile his agents, armed with complete lists of the clerks in the various departments, and with the authority of the heads of bureaus, summon every clerk whose name is marked upon their lists as delinquent, to pay up; and obedience or refusal is marked accordingly. While this inquisition is making, and the reluctant money is extorted through terror by the official pickpockets, some victim in the office should be delegated to read aloud to the other clerks, like a monk in the refectory to his fellows, the words of Secretary Folger to Mr. A. Thomas: "I would have him think and feel and do as if in the religious meeting-house of his choice the preacher should lay before him the needs of some cause."

Mr. Hubbell's circular says that his committee "can not hope to succeed in the pending struggle if those most directly benefited by success are unwilling or neglect" to send him money. He means that it is office-holders who are directly benefited by the success of the party. But if this be true of a messenger-boy at $600 a year and a clerk at $1200, it is equally true of foreign ministers at $12,000 or $17,500. Does Mr. Hubbell assess them two per cent.? Has he assessed Mr. Lowell, Mr. Morton, or Mr. Astor? Has he demanded a specific sum of Mr. Robertson or of Mr. Pearson? Fortunately the searching discussions of the summer have fully exposed the contemptible trick of "voluntary" contributions, and the extortions with which Mr. Jay A. Hubbell's name will be always identified are now perfectly well known to the country. What does Mr. Hubbell mean by saying that party success can not be expected unless the office-holders will furnish the money? There was a time when the Republican party succeeded, without an office-holder to assess, in carrying the election against a party which had all the offices and assessed all the office-holders. The doctrine then was that the people as well as the office-holders were interested in Republican success.

If that be changed, if, as Mr. Hubbell suggests, it is the office-holders who are now mainly interested in that success, why should the country help to keep them in place? On the contrary, why should not the country feel it to be a duty to put out of office those who raise an enormous fund to keep themselves in? An enormous election fund justly alarms every honest voter, because it is not necessary, and means a dishonest election. Mr. Hubbell's circular substantially announces that the Republican party depends for success not upon its principles but upon its purse. If this were true, it would be the most conclusive possible argument against that party, and show that every intelligent and patriotic voter should oppose it. But it is not true. Mr. Hubbell does not mean what he virtually says. He means only that if the messenger-boy or the clerk does not promptly pay up, he will probably lose his place. The Philadelphia *Press* truly says: "A genuine service will be done the hopeful Republican leaders on the Congressional Committee if their collectors are kicked out of the Departments and the scandal ceases out of the land."

GOVERNOR CORNELL AND MR. CONKLING.

Governor Cornell explains that although the article in the Albany *Evening Journal* was written after conversation with him, yet that he did not say that Mr. Conkling attempted to bribe him, which, indeed, the article does not assert, while it leaves the impression that illegitimate pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor. He says that he has no doubt that if he had signed the bills of Mr. Gould, Messrs. Gould and Conkling would not have opposed his renomination. It is not difficult to understand the exact situation. Mr. Gould undoubtedly retained Mr. Conkling not alone because of his professional, but also of his political, character. His continued interest in politics is evident, and he is understood to have great influence with the Administration, and with a set of active politicians in the State. His breach with the Governor also was notorious, as well as the Governor's desire of renomination. When, therefore, Mr. Gould sent Mr. Conkling to argue to the Governor the propriety of signing the tax exemption bills, he knew that the Governor would perceive that it must be for Mr. Conkling's advantage to succeed in his undertaking, and that if he did succeed, he would not be disposed to contest the Governor's renomination.

In such a situation, and with the Governor's perfect comprehension of it, it was not necessary for Mr. Gould or Mr. Conkling to allude to any advantage to accrue to the Governor by signing the bill, because the mere professional presence and urgency of Mr. Conkling must inevitably have been felt by the Governor to be, under the circumstances, an illegitimate pressure upon his official action. The temptation was in the circumstances. The Governor might well have felt that while not a word beyond the argument had been said, yet a bribe had been virtually offered, and in speaking of it, his words would convey that impression. The Governor's account of his stock transactions is reasonable and probable. It does not dispose of every accusation, but it certainly relieves him of the odium that belongs to the ordinary Wall Street sharper. But there is one taunt of his late political "pals" which should be at once exposed. They speak of him as "treacherous to the hand that made him"—meaning Mr. Conkling. To this two things are to be said. The first is that it is an acknowledgment that the will of one man was able to dictate a Governor to New York. This is a frank confession of the unrepublican power of a "boss," which justifies all the opposition that has been made to it.

But the second is that Mr. Conkling owes quite as much to Mr. Cornell as Mr. Cornell to Mr. Conkling. Mr. Conkling could never have been a boss except for the loyal and untiring diligence of Mr. Cornell. He organized and "ran" the Conkling machine. As a political manager, Mr. Conkling is not sagacious, nor patient, nor skillful, nor conciliatory. Mr. Cornell supplied every quality that Mr. Conkling lacked, and was quite as indispensable to Mr. Conkling as Mr. Weed to Mr. Seward. Mr. Arthur came much later into the Conkling connection, from the Morgan wing, and as Chairman of the State Committee he merely succeeded to the machine which Mr. Cornell had constructed. The unforgiving wrath of Mr. Conkling with Mr. Cornell last year was due to his consciousness that in the very moment of his supreme silliness his strongest ally was wanting. The bitterness of Mr. Arthur's hostility to the Governor is due to the fact that as Vice-President he was baffled by the Governor's passivity in the Senatorial election, and he could not forgive the utter humiliation to which the result of the election exposed him. It is absurd to talk of Governor Cornell's ingratitude to Mr. Conkling. Mr. Conkling's political position was due to a machine, and Mr. Cornell made the machine. The machine is happily broken, and the Republicans of New York will be unworthy of their emancipation if they do not improve their opportunity to elect a Governor who has always opposed the machine.

CONFLICT OF MARRIAGE LAWS.

It is to be feared that the Association for the Reformed Codification of the Laws of Nations, recently in session at Liverpool, was not in all respects so authoritative a body as its portentous title would seem to indicate. But it suggested a practical step in regard to one very important subject—the amelioration of the unfortunate and disgraceful condition of the laws of various Christian nations in regard to marriages of their citizens or subjects in foreign lands. As these laws now stand, the greatest hardship may arise, particularly for women belonging to nations like France, Belgium, Italy, and Portugal, where the requirements of the Code Napoleon are wholly or in part in force. This code requires that marriage shall be had according to its terms in order that the offspring may be legitimate; and though a marriage made abroad can usually be re-made, and the antecedent offspring legitimized, it can easily be seen that this places a terrible power in the hands of unscrupulous persons. The step recommended by the association to which we have referred was the appointment of a committee to urge upon the government of Great Britain the necessity of negotiating a treaty with foreign countries, and particularly with France, for the purpose of regulating the necessary conditions of a valid marriage between citizens of a different nationality. Mr. Coudert, of this city, seconded a resolution embodying the view of Sir Robert Phillimore, that "in this contract of contracts marriage before a civil officer, according to the forms and with the delays prescribed by the civil law of the country where it is celebrated, should be everywhere recognized as valid." This is certainly sound doctrine, and though it will win its way slowly in some European countries, it is so clearly just and so absolutely requisite to the order and safety of society that it must ultimately prevail.

THE "SKIRMISHING FUND."

There is something exquisitely characteristic in the history of what is known as the Irish "Skirmishing Fund," so far as it has been made known. This famous lot of money amounted originally to nearly $90,000, and was subscribed by Irish men and women in America for the general purpose of worrying England. At one time it was in the hands of that eminent blatherskite who calls himself O'Donovan Rossa, though his intimate friends give him a name much less resounding to the ears of Hibernians. It was afterward turned over to a set of trustees, headed by Mr. John Devoy, and the Rossa party have been for a long time trying to find out how much of it has been spent, and how much is on hand. At a recent meeting, held on a Sunday, a number of these gentlemen discussed the situation with great vigor. Mr. Daniel Geary suggested that the proper method of inquiry was to "attend to" the trustees "the same as some of the landlords of Ireland—put them out of the way." Captain Spearman justified his warlike name by arguing in support of Mr. Geary's proposition that squandering this money was "treason," and that "treason was a capital crime, and deserved capital punishment." Another "skirmisher" wanted to carry out the suggestion by the meeting going in a body to the *Irish Nation* office, and demanding an explanation. To all of which Mr. Devoy, on being questioned, replied that the fund was a secret one, and no accounting should or would be made of the uses to which it had been put. It is hardly credible that so large a sum of money could have been got from American citizens of any other nationality than the Irish for purposes so wild and chimerical, and thrown so blindly into the hands of men so utterly irresponsible. One is at a loss whether more to admire the generous sentiment that underlies this folly, or to condemn the recklessness of the obligations of American citizenship, or to laugh at the violent inconsequence with which the unfortunate contributors rage over the perfectly natural disappearance of their money. It is all very much mixed, and as to most of the contributors extremely Irish.

THE DISCRETION OF A POSTMASTER.

Any one who supposes that the Postmaster of the city of New York reposes day and night upon a bed of roses would find on close inspection that Mr. Pearson's habitual resting-place is not only hard, but strewn with many and sharp thorns. Just at this moment he is the defendant in a suit brought against him for the detention of letters which he has dealt with under the belief that they were forbidden correspondence. Among the regulations of the Post-office Department is one which requires a postmaster, whenever he has reason to believe that a street or number or designated place is being used by any person for covering under a fictitious address correspondence forbidden circulation in the mails, to give notice to the person claiming such correspondence that he must call at the general delivery and establish his identity. Now New York has a great many places used in this way. Swindlers of all kinds, dealers in illegal articles, lottery agents, sham brokers, men and women acting as decoys for unlawful occupations, keepers of pretended employment offices, and, worst of all, the publishers or makers of vicious reading—these and scores of other scoundrels who feed upon the credulity, the greed, or the bad passions of human beings, seek to use the Post-office as a means of communication with their victims. The regulation to which reference is made is a moderate and reasonable one, which in no wise interferes with the proper use of the mails, or with the liberties so dear to the heart of the average American citizen. No man engaged in an honorable business can object to establishing his identity, or to giving the slight proof necessary to show his right to the delivery of his mail. But in the enforcement of even this restricted discretion, the Postmaster of New York is subjected to innumerable annoyances and vexations, and no small cost in time and money. The community owes to his vigilance and good judgment protection from many evils quite unknown and almost inconceivable to most decent citizens.

OUR FORTUNATE BOYS.

The boys of the present day have little idea of the kindness which fortune has shown them. Their facilities for acquiring useful knowledge are greatly in advance of those of the boys of the last generation. Twenty years ago a boy acquired the art of smoking with the greatest difficulty. He had to take his first lesson with a pipe and strong tobacco, or with a rank and wretched cigar. Withdrawing behind the barn, in order to pursue his task without interruption, he smoked his pipe or his cigar until the inevitable and deathly sickness that follows the unaccustomed use of tobacco in heroic doses overcame him. How terrible were the hours passed by the young student prone on the damp turf, and conscious that no concealment of the state of his stomach from the paternal eye would be possible! How well he knew that he was doomed to pass from the barn to the wood-shed, and that to the disturbance wrought in his interior by tobacco would be added the acute disturbance of his exterior by the rod which Solomon —after he was safely grown up—so warmly approved! Yet it was only by this hard and thorny path that the boy could become a smoker. On the threshold of the domain of smoke waited forever the fiends of nausea and deadly faintness. The only way to learn to smoke was to grapple boldly with the pipe and cigar, and to persevere through pain and sickness and the shadow of the apple-tree switch, until success crowned the indomitable will of the young smoker.

The boy of the present day knows nothing of the sufferings of his predecessor. The path of smoking is made plain and easy to him by means of the cheap and gentle cigarette. He takes his first lesson in smoking in the seclusion of his room, and without dreaming of the necessity of a retired locality wherein to stretch himself upon the ground. His first cigarette contains just enough tobacco to slightly affect his system, but not enough to produce nausea. If his second cigarette begins to fill him with abdominal distrust, he throws it away in time to save himself. By practicing for a few days with one cigarette, he presently becomes able to smoke two without unpleasant consequences. Soon he is able to smoke three or four with impunity, and is then ready to take up the higher branches of pipe and cigar smoking, confident that he can master them in a short time, and without any internal distress.

For the modern boy there is no danger that he will be discovered by his father in that limp and hopeless condition that admits of no plausible reply when the dread words are uttered, "You've been smoking, and don't let me hear you deny it." On the approach of a sudden father or an unexpected mother, he can always drop his cigarette, and no pale cheeks or clammy forehead will betray him. He never knows the anguish of that awful loss of confidence in his stomach that formerly made the juvenile smoker temporarily wish that he had never been born. Nothing is simpler —thanks to the introduction of cigarettes—than for any boy of ordinary abilities to become an accomplished smoker, and the success of the new system is illustrated by the fact that our boys, with hardly an exception, learn to smoke at an age at which their fathers fancied themselves far too young to undertake so difficult and trying a study.

Proud as we may justly be of the facilities now at the command of the youthful smoker, it must nevertheless be conceded that there are certain branches of knowledge which our boys must still acquire with pain and difficulty. They are compelled to learn to drink whiskey in precisely the crude way in which the art has been learned from time immemorial. Whiskey is always disagreeable when tasted for the first time, and the boy who is determined to learn to drink must have his throat scorched and his breath taken away many times before his taste becomes so educated that he can truthfully say that he likes whiskey. He has to pass, in fact, through an experience at least as disagreeable as that of the young smoker in the days when cigarettes were unknown. This is by no means creditable to our civilization. We ought long ago to have made it as easy for a boy to learn to drink as it is to learn to smoke. What is needed is some means of supplying boys with whiskey in small quantities, and with its fiery and objectionable taste partially concealed. We should have whiskeyrettes as well as cigarettes. With their aid a boy could easily accustom himself to whiskey, and make fair progress toward becoming an able and successful drunkard without once experiencing the unpleasant sensations which sometimes so thoroughly disgust the youthful drinker as to induce him to entirely abandon all hope of learning to drink.

Almost as great facilities are offered to the youthful gambler as to the youthful smoker. There are numberless academies—if they may be so called—in this city where the attempt is made to combine the studies of gambling and drinking by means of the system known as "pin pool for drinks." The low rates of tuition asked by those in charge of these juvenile academies, and the entire freedom in the use of profanity which is accorded to the pupils, make them peculiarly attractive. While they undoubtedly furnish admirable practical instruction in gambling, and exercise a strong influence in stimulating youth to study the art of drinking, they have no new and satisfactory system of smoothing the student's pathway to drunkenness. Our boys can learn to smoke and to gamble with an ease which leaves nothing to be desired, but it is time that something was done to furnish them with facilities which would make the task of learning to like whiskey at least as simple and easy.

PERSONAL.

Judge Haldeman, United States Minister to Siam, now on a short visit to his home in St. Louis, says that one of the Princes of that country, with a royal suite, is now on the way here to reside. His name is Prisdang, and he will represent his land with credit, being highly educated, and speaking French and English fluently. The government of Siam is an absolute monarchy. There is a Council of State, which has a voice in affairs, but the will of the King is supreme. He is a man of thirty years, intelligent, of fine presence and address, and has done great good for his subjects since ascending the throne. The people are honest, amiable, and intelligent, few being unable to read and write.

—Dr. Albert E. Sumner, who died suddenly on the 31st ult. of apoplexy, was one of the most highly esteemed physicians in Brooklyn, not only on account of his skill and learning, but for the genial social qualities which won him friends wherever he was known. He was suddenly taken ill while in the street, while driving to visit some patients, and directed his driver to take him to the office of Dr. Keep, which was close at hand. Dr. Keep gave him such remedies as were deemed best for the case, but Dr. Sumner could not retain them on his stomach, and within half an hour he was dead. His loss will be severely felt in the ranks of the homœopathic practice in Brooklyn.

—Dr. Robert Tomes, who died recently at his residence in Brooklyn, at the age of sixty-five, was a well-known and highly esteemed gentleman in the literary and professional circles of New York and elsewhere. He was the son of an opulent merchant, and after receiving the best classical and medical education obtainable in this country and abroad, he served for several years as surgeon in the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. But the practice of medicine was not entirely to his taste. His love of literature early absorbed his attention, and his contributions to the *Literary World*, the *Evening Post*, and the various publications of Harper & Brothers occupied most of his time. His first published volume was entitled *Panama*. This was followed by the *Lives of Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Oliver Cromwell* and *The Bourbon Prince*. Secretary Seward selected him as consul to Rheims, and while there he wrote and published an entertaining volume entitled *The Champagne Country*. Dr. Tomes also contributed a large number of articles to *Appleton's Encyclopædia*. In earlier life he was one of the best known and most popular literary men of the city. His later years have been passed in travel, or in retirement among his friends and books.

—Mark Twain's residence at Hartford is pointed out as one of the most tasteful as well as comfortable houses in that city. His study, wherein he performs expertly on a type-writer, is in the rear of the house, and screened by vines and evergreens. To deter the large number of sight-seekers who invade the place, Mr. Twain has posted on the study door this sign:

"Step Softly! Keep Away! Do not Disturb the Remains!"

In the centre of the study is a table covered with books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, etc., etc., and on the shelf over the fire-place a few books and boxes of cigars. He is very domestic in his tastes, and is blessed with a lovely wife and three beautiful little daughters. Mrs. Clemens is a slender, graceful lady, of rare beauty, genial, chatty, and charming. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Langdon, of Elmira.

—General G. K. Warren's death is believed to have been accelerated, if not actually caused, by broken-heartedness. Not long before he died he said, "Bury me in citizen's clothes; I have had enough of the trappings of war."

—When Mr. John Saunders went from Kentucky to the West, some forty years ago, he asseverated in language that bordered on the profane that his betrothed, whom he left behind, should not see him until he became a millionaire. A few days since he balanced up his affairs in Montana, and finding himself possessed of the desiderated million, returned to Kentucky, looked up his old sweetheart, and the twain were made one. He, sixty-eight; she, sixty-four. Good romance.

—Concerning the penmanship of Hawthorne, the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* says: "I was familiar with this at one time, and it was remarkably clear, plain, and even for the most part—not plain of course, but when one became familiar with it, it was very readily read. Mr. James T. Fields had for a long time the manuscripts of *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Blithedale Romance*, and they are now probably in the possession of his widow. They are almost without an interlineation, and there is not a word underscored in the whole of them. Hawthorne never indulged in italics in his composition."

—The present Emperor of Brazil has been longer on the throne than any living monarch. Fifty-one years ago last April Dom Pedro I., the father of the present Emperor, rather than yield what he believed to be his constitutional rights, abdicated in the following letter: "Availing myself of the right which the Constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my dearly beloved and esteemed son Dom Pedro de Alcantara. (Dated) Boa Vista (Rio de Janiero), April 7, 1831, tenth year of the independence of the Empire." The present Emperor was governed by regents for nine years, until his majority was declared in 1840. He has thus been governing monarch for forty-one years, but as his reign dates from the 7th of April, 1831, he has in reality been monarch six years longer than the Queen of England.

—The widow of John Brown, who was recently in Chicago, is described in the *Inter-Ocean* as "a tall woman, with a rather plain but strong face, which bears the marks of suffering and sorrow. She was dressed plainly, which indicated that her interests in this world's goods are not excessive. She said she did not wish to travel more than half-way across the continent and then not pay a visit to the grave of that husband who gave his life for the cause of freedom for all mankind. That grave is on the old homestead at North Elba, Essex County, New York. When she sold the place nineteen years ago to make her home in the far West, she reserved that little spot, and a board picket-fence is all that has protected the mound, while a granite stone, brought from Massachusetts by John Brown himself, on which was the name of his father, and to which he had added the name of Frederick Brown, the son who lost his life in Kansas, and since his death has been also marked with the names of the martyr and his two sons killed at Harper's Ferry, stands as the only mark to tell a nation where rests the dust of old Osawatomie."

—The donning of masculine attire by Rosa Bonheur was simply to enable her to go among stable-men, butchers, and graziers at horse and cattle fairs—the schools in which she studied—without exposing herself to jeers and insults. Her sex was not suspected. Her life has been that of an estimable bachelor. Romance has had a small place in it. Near relations treat her as the head of the family. For a long number of years Rosa Bonheur has resided at Thomery, near Fontainebleau, where she has a byre-studio. The pantaloons are laid aside, unless in wet weather. A short, plain skirt supersedes them. Its belt confines at the waist a dark flannel Garibaldi skirt. On gala days a loose velvet jacket is worn. The red ribbon is stuck upon the breast. Rosa is the only woman who has been decorated with it, unless for acts of charity and heroism. She owes her decoration to the Empress Eugénie, who, when at Fontainebleau, drove one day to Thomery to visit the studio, and when taking her leave, handed the insignia to Rosa. It lay in a beautiful casket, which contained also a decree, signed by the Emperor, conferring knighthood on the celebrated artist.

AN APPLE MEMORY.

THE white hot dusty road,
  The field so green and still,
The twittering of a bird,
  The tinkling of a rill,
And spreading grandly, wide and free,
The shadow of an apple-tree.

"Come, rest," it seemed to say,
  "Out of the dust and heat;
The grasses round my roots
  Are long and cool and sweet."
So free, so gracious was the tree,
I took the offer thankfully.

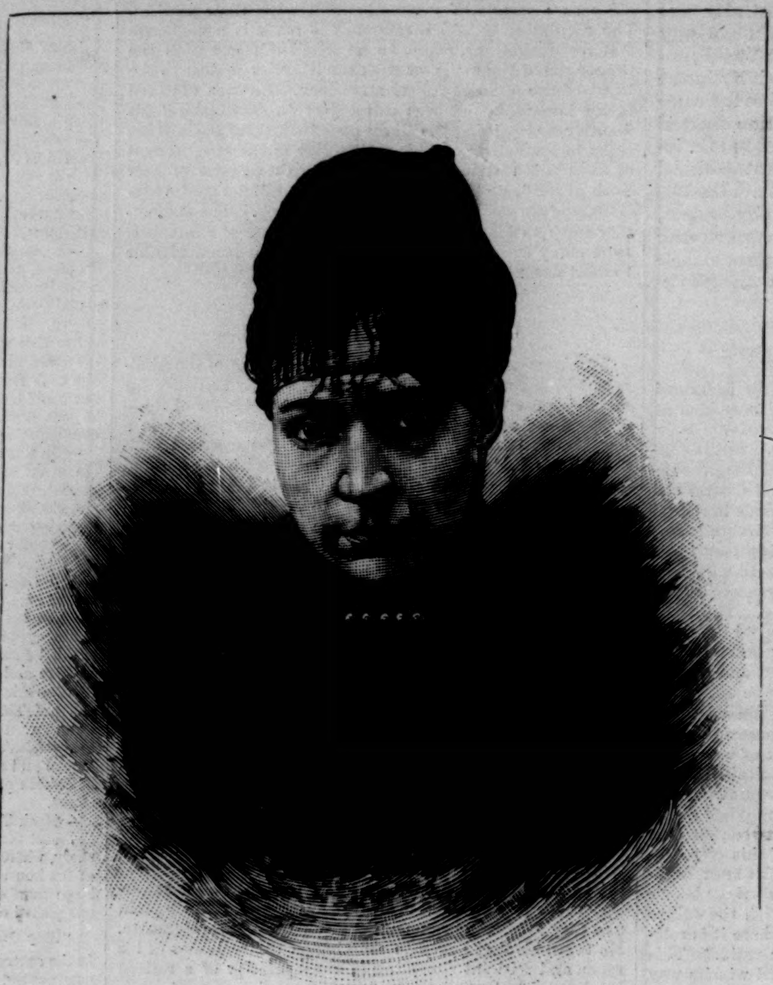
Upon the grass I lay,
  Green whispering leaves o'erhead;
I ate the juicy fruit,
  Pale gold, flecked through with red,
Then lay in slumber deep and sweet,
Till full of rest from head to feet;

Until the sun sank low,
  And shades of evening fell;
Then, rested and refreshed,
  "My host," I said, "farewell!
Farewell and thanks, O gracious tree!
Thy guest will long remember thee."

I thought the rustling leaves
  A pleasant "Farewell" sent;
I thought the loaded boughs
  Unto my greeting bent.
O apple-tree, so kind and free,
May sun and rain long nourish thee!

CHILD-STEALING.

THE stealing of little **LIZZIE SELDEN** in Brooklyn produced an extraordinary impression in New York and the neighboring cities. Probably no piece of news in months has been so eagerly and feelingly talked over in so many households. When the child was found, the house of her parents was surrounded with a great throng of people, as eager to testify their pleasure and good-will as if they had been intimate friends of the family to which they were strangers, and to which they were drawn by pure human sympathy. The same kind of feeling was manifested in New York when the news was given out. Men suspended their occupations for the moment to congratulate each other that the lost had been found. Not since the illness of President GARFIELD has any public event excited a feeling so deep and so general as the sorrows and the joys of an obscure household in Brooklyn.

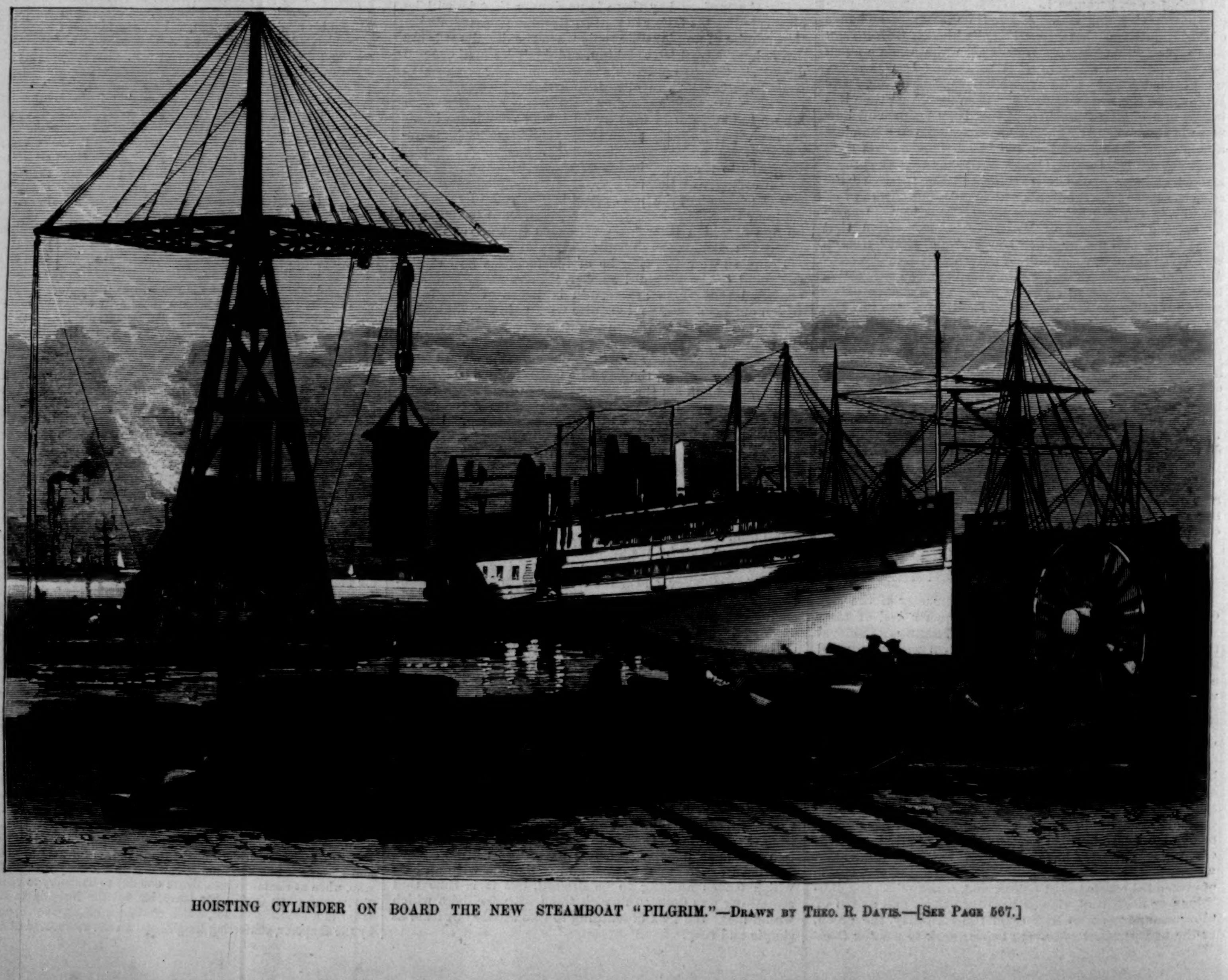


MAGGIE KEPPEL, ALLEGED KIDNAPPER OF LIZZIE SELDEN.

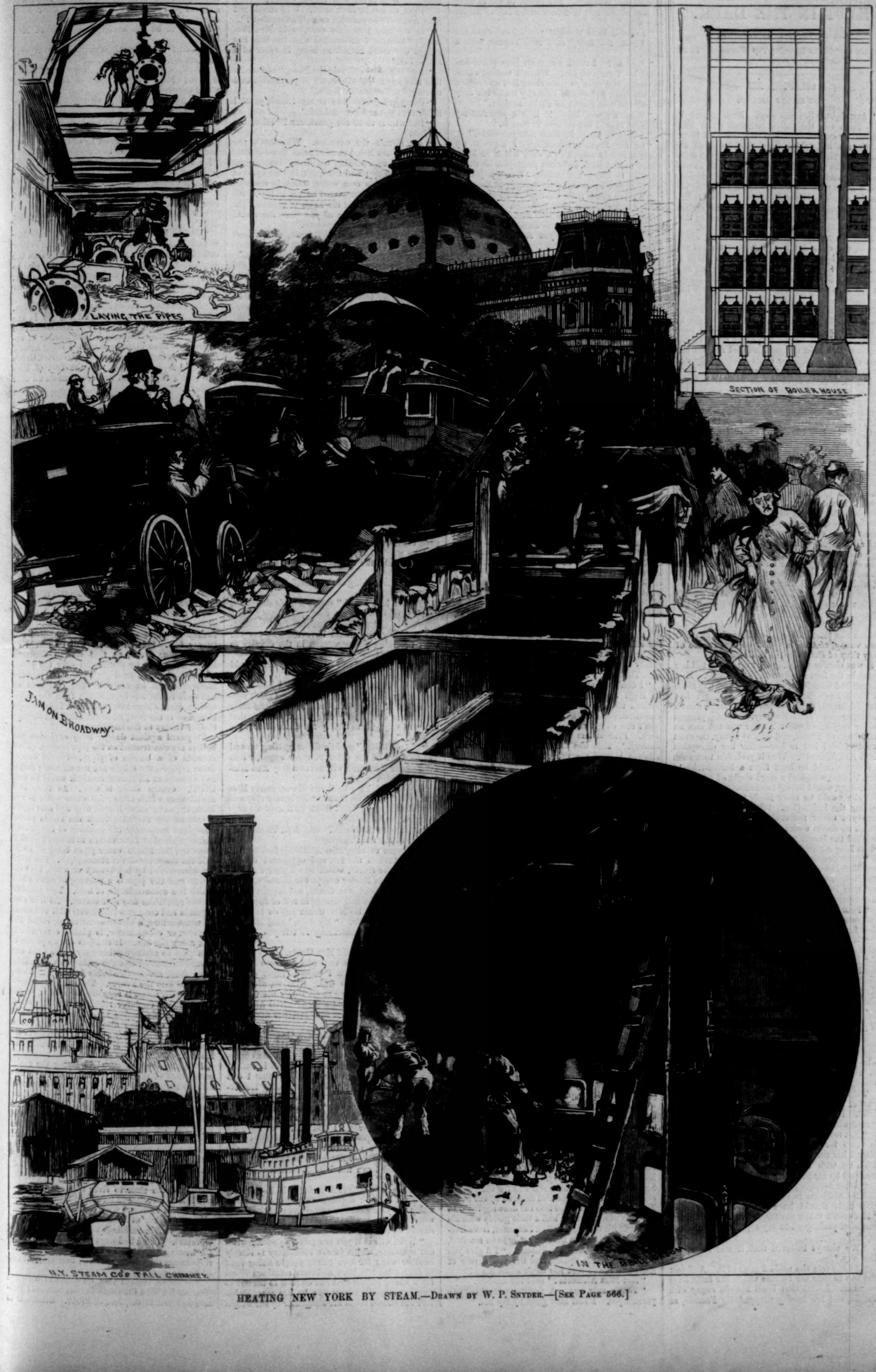
The explanation of this unusual manifestation of feeling is easy. No other crime so literally "comes home" to people as this; no other seems quite so cowardly and detestable, for it is not the helpless child who is really struck at, but its parents; and no courage can avail against this meanest method of extortion, or this most dastardly method of revenge. The fate, too, of CHARLIE ROSS lends a tragic aspect from the beginning to every story of kidnapping that has since been told, or that may be told hereafter. The outrage upon the SELDEN family was especially calculated to excite that real sympathy which comes of putting one's self in the place of another. If the child of a millionaire had been stolen to extort a ransom, thousands of poor and struggling people would have controlled their envy at the lot of the rich with thinking that it had one danger and one trouble from which they might be thankful that the lot of the poor was free. But the SELDENS have drawn the average American lot. They are neither rich nor poor, they have not an enemy in the world that they know of, and what has happened to them is only what might happen to any family in Brooklyn or in any other American city. It is this thought which made the sympathy for them so truly sympathy, so deep and general. The one protection which may be trusted to prevent the crime from being frequently committed by sane criminals for the purpose of levying blackmail is the difficulty of securing a ransom. All parents would not only compound the crime of kidnapping, but would give all they had to regain possession of their children, but no parents would dream of keeping faith with the stealers of their children. It is all but impracticable for a kidnapper to arrange the exchange of a child for a ransom without exposing himself to capture. If CHARLIE ROSS was murdered, he was probably murdered because the kidnappers saw no way of returning him and of receiving ransom for him without danger to themselves. The dreadful and life-long suffering to which they doomed his parents has some compensation in the proof that kidnapping is not a profitable crime—proof which renders every American household safer than it would be if CHARLIE ROSS had been safely returned, and the kidnappers had been paid for stealing him.

This case bears an important moral for all heads of families. In the light of this story they can see that the safety of their children and their own happiness are at the mercy not only of blackmailers, not only of their own enemies, but of casual and reckless tramps. In Brooklyn especially, at least in Brooklyn much more than in New York, it is the custom for the children of respectable families to be permitted to play upon the sidewalks without the constant guardianship of older persons. This is part of the general "village life" which in many things makes the third city of the Union a curious social anomaly. It should now be plain to heads of families that it will not do in a great city, having among its population in the usual proportion of great cities thieves, drunkards, and tramps, to expose their children as if they inhabited a village in which a child could not walk a square away without being known and noticed by everybody she met.

There seems to be little danger that the wretched woman who has done all this mischief, apparently out of pure wantonness, will escape a punishment likely to have its effect upon other tramps who may take fancies to other people's children. It seems that her crime does not come under the statute against kidnapping, which requires that the victim be taken away secretly, but there is a special statute covering the case, and prescribing a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment. Nothing has as yet been brought to light to indicate that there ought to be any abatement in this case of the extreme rigor of the law.



HOISTING CYLINDER ON BOARD THE NEW STEAMBOAT "PILGRIM."—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 567.]


LAYING THE PIPES
SECTION OF BOILER HOUSE
JAM ON BROADWAY.
N.Y. STEAM CO'S TALL CHIMNEY.
IN THE BOILER ROOM

HEATING NEW YORK BY STEAM.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 566.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECRET ESCAPES.

"All right. See you soon. Ever yours. F. G." Such was the entire response which Miss Altifiorla received from her now declared lover. Sir Francis had told himself that he hated the bother of writing love-letters. But in truth there was with him also an idea that it might be as well that he should not commit himself to declarations that were in their nature very strong. It was not that he absolutely thought of any possible future event in which his letters might be used against him, but there was present to him a feeling that the least said might be the soonest mended.

Miss Altifiorla, when she received the above scrawl, was quite satisfied with it. She too was cautious in her nature, but not quite so clever as her lover. She did indeed feel that she had now caught her fish. She would not let him escape by any such folly as that which Cecilia Holt had committed. The baronet should be allowed his full swing till she was entitled to call herself Lady Geraldine. Then perhaps there might be a tussle between them as to which should have his own way—or hers. The great thing at present was to obtain the position, and she did feel that she had played her cards uncommonly well as far as the game had gone at present.

But there came upon her an irresistible temptation to make her triumph known among her friends at Exeter. All her girl friends had got themselves married. There was Mrs. Green and Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Western. Poor Cecilia had not gained much, but still she was Mrs. Western. Miss Altifiorla did in truth regard herself as Miss Altifiorla with but small satisfaction. She had her theories about women's rights, and the decided advantages of remaining single, and the sufficiency of a lady to stand alone in the world. There was probably some vague glimmering of truth in her ideas, some half-formed belief in her own doctrine. But still it had ever been an uncomfortable creed, and one which she was ready to desert at the slightest provocation. Her friends had all deserted it, and had left her, as we say, high and dry on the barren bank, while they had been carried away by the fertilizing stream. She too would now swim down the river of matrimony, with a beautiful name, with a handle to it, as the owner of a fine family property. Women's rights was an excellent doctrine to preach, but for practice could not stand the strain of such temptation. And though in boasting of her good fortune she must no doubt confess that she had been wrong, still there would be much more of glory than of shame in the confession.

It was chance probably that made her tell her secret in the first instance to Mrs. Thorne. Mrs. Thorne had been Maude Hippesley, and was niece to Sir Francis Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla had pledged herself to Sir Francis not to make known her engagement at the Deanery. But such pledges go for very little. Mrs. Thorne was not now an inhabitant of Exeter, and was, so to say, the most bosom-friend left to her—after her disruption from Mrs. Western. Was it probable that such a secret should be kept from a bosom-friend? Mrs. Thorne, who had a large circle of friends in the county, would hardly have admitted the claim, but she would be more likely to do so after receiving the intimation. Of course it would be conveyed under the seal of a sacred promise, which no doubt would be broken as soon as she reached the Deanery. On this occasion she called on Miss Altifiorla to ask questions in reference to "poor Cecilia." With herself, and the Dean and Mrs. Dean, there was real sorrow at Cecilia's troubles. And there was also no mode of acquiring true information. "Do tell me something about poor Cecilia," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Poor Cecilia indeed! She is there all alone, and sees almost no one. Of course you've heard that Lady Grant was here."

"We thought it so nice of Lady Grant to come all the way from Scotland to see her sister-in-law."

"Lady Grant, of course, is anxious to get her brother to take back his wife. They haven't a great deal of money among them, and when Mrs. Holt dies, Cecilia's fortune would be a nice addition."

"I don't think Lady Grant can have thought of that," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Lady Grant would be quite prudent in thinking of it, and like the rest of the world. Her husband was only a regimental officer in India who got knighted for doing something that came in his way. There isn't any family property among them, and of course she is anxious."

This solicitude as to "family property" on the part of Miss Altifiorla did strike Mrs. Thorne as droll. But she went on with her inquiries. "And what is Cecilia doing?"

"Not very much," said Miss Altifiorla. "What is there for her to do? Poor girl! She has played her cards so uncommonly badly, when she took up with Mr. Western after having been dropped by Sir Francis."

"After dropping Sir Francis!"

Miss Altifiorla smiled. Was it likely that Cecilia Holt should have dropped Sir Francis? "It doesn't much matter now. If it does her wounded pride good to say so, of course she can say it."

"We always believed that it was so at the Deanery."

"At any rate she made a mess of it. And now she has to bear the fortune which her fates have sent her. I own that I am a little angry with Cecilia, not for having dropped Sir Francis, as you call it, but for managing her matters so badly with Mr. Western. She seems to me to have no idea of the sort of duties which fall to the lot of a wife."

"I should have thought you'd have liked her the better for that," said Mrs. Thorne, with a smile.

"Why so? I think you must have misunderstood my theory of life. When a woman elects to marry, and does so from sheer love and regard for the man, she should certainly make her duty to him the first motive of all her actions."

"What a grand lesson! It is a pity that my husband should not be here to hear it."

"I have no doubt he finds that you do so."

"Or Sir Francis Geraldine. I suppose my uncle is still in search of a wife, and if he knew where to find such excellent principles he would be able to make his choice. What a joke it would be should he again try his luck at Exeter!"

"He has again tried his luck at Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla, in a tone in which some slight shade of ridicule was mixed with the grandiloquence which she wished to assume.

"What on earth do you mean?" said Mrs. Thorne.

"Simply what I seem to mean. I had not intended to have told you at present, though I would sooner tell you than any person living. You must promise me, however, that it shall go no further. Sir Francis Geraldine has done me the honor to ask me to be his wife." Thus she communicated her good news, and did so in a tone of voice that was very low, and intended to be humble.

"My uncle going to marry you? Good gracious!"

"Is it more wonderful than that he should have thought of marrying Cecilia Holt?"

"Well, yes. Not that I know why it should be, except that Cecilia came first, and that you and she were so intimate."

"Was he doomed to remain alone in the world because of that?" asked Miss Altifiorla.

"Well, no; I don't exactly mean that. But it is droll."

"I hope that the Dean and Mrs. Hippesley will be satisfied with his choice. I do particularly hope that all his friends will feel that he is doing well. But," she added, perceiving that her tidings had not been received with any strong expression of family satisfaction—"but I trust that, as Lady Geraldine, I may at any rate be the means of keeping the family together."

There was to Mrs. Thorne almost a joke in this, as she knew that her father did not at all approve of Sir Francis, and was with difficulty induced to have him at the Deanery. And she knew also that the Dean did in his heart greatly dislike Miss Altifiorla, though for the sake of what was generally called "peace within the cathedral precincts," he had hitherto put up also with her. What might happen in the Dean's mind, or what determination the Dean might take when the two should be married, she could not say. But she felt that it might probably be beyond the power of the then Lady Geraldine "to keep the family together." "Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Thorne. "And I am to tell nobody."

"I don't see any good in publishing the thing in High Street just at present." Then Mrs. Thorne understood that she need not treat the communication as a strict secret. "In fact, I don't see why it should be kept specially in the dark. Francis has not enjoined anything like secrecy." This was the first time that she had allowed herself the use of the baronet's name without the prefix. "When it is to be I have not as yet even begun to think. Of course he is in a hurry. Men, I believe, generally are. But in this case there may be some reasons for delay. Arrangements as to the family property must be made, and Castle Gerald must be prepared for our reception. I don't suppose we can be married just off-hand, like some happier folks." Mrs. Thorne did not know whether to take this to herself, as she had been married herself at last rather in a scramble, or whether it was intended to apply to poor Cecilia, whose husband, though he was in comfortable circumstances, can not be said to have possessed family property. "And now, dear," continued Miss Altifiorla, "what am I to do for bridemaids? You three have all been married before me. There are his two unmarried sisters of course." Mrs. Thorne was aware that her uncle had absolutely quarrelled with his mother and sisters, and had not spoken to them for years. "I suppose that it will come off in the cathedral, and that your father will perform the ceremony. I don't know, indeed, whether Francis might not wish to have the Bishop." Mrs. Thorne was aware that the Bishop, who was a strict man, would not touch Sir Francis Geraldine with a pair of tongs. "But all these things will shake themselves down comfortably, no doubt. In the mean time I am in a twitter of ecstatic happiness. You who have gone through it all will quite understand what I mean. It seems that as a lover he is the most exigent of gentlemen. He requires constant writing to, and woe betide me if I do not obey his behests. However, I do not complain, and must confess that I am at the present moment the most happy of young women."

Mrs. Thorne of course expressed her congratulations and took her departure without having committed herself to a word as to the other inhabitants of the Deanery. But when she got to her father's house, where she was for the present staying, she in truth startled them all by the news. The Dean had just come into the drawing-room to have his afternoon tea and a little gossip with his wife and his own sister, Mrs. Forrester, from London. "Who do you think is going to be married, and to whom?" said Mrs. Thorne. "I'll give you all three guesses apiece, and bet you a pair of gloves all round that you don't make it out."

"Not Miss Altifiorla?" said her mother.

"That's only one. A marriage requires two personages. I still hold good by my bet."

"Miss Altifiorla going to be married!" said the Dean. "Who is the unfortunate victim?"

"Papa, do not be ill-natured. Why should not Miss Altifiorla be married as well as another?"

"In the first place, my dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "because I understand that the lady has always expressed herself as being in favor of a single life."

"I go beyond that," said the Dean, "and maintain that any single life would be preferable to a marriage with Miss Altifiorla."

"Considering that she is my friend, papa, I think that you are very unkind."

"But who is to be the gentleman?" asked her mother.

"Ah, there's the question. Why don't you guess?" Then Mrs. Dean did name three or four of the most unpromising unmarried elderly gentlemen in Exeter; and the Dean, in that spirit of satire against his own order which is common among clergymen, suggested an old widowed Minor Canon, who was in the habit of chanting the litany. "You are none of you near the mark. You ought to come nearer home."

"Nearer home?" said Mrs. Dean, with a look of discomfort in her face.

"Yes, mamma. A great deal nearer home."

"It can't be your uncle Septimus?" said the Dean. Now Uncle Septimus was the unmarried brother of old Mr. Thorne, and was regarded by all the Thorne family as a perfect model of an unselfish, fine old lovable gentleman.

"Good gracious, no!" said Mrs. Thorne. "What a horrible idea! Fancy Uncle Septimus doomed to pass his life in company with Miss Altifiorla! The happy man in question is—Sir Francis Geraldine."

"No!" said Mrs. Hippesley, jumping from her seat.

"It is impossible," said the Dean, who, though he greatly disliked his brother-in-law, still thought something of the family into which he had married, and thoroughly despised Miss Altifiorla. "I do not think that Sir Francis could be so silly as that."

"It can not be," said Mrs. Hippesley.

"What has the young lady done to make it impossible?" asked Mrs. Forrester.

"Nothing on earth," said Mrs. Thorne. "She is my special friend, and is, in my opinion, a great deal more than worthy of my uncle Francis. Only papa, who dislikes them both, would like to make it out that the two of them are going to cut their own throats, each by marrying the other. I wish papa could have heard the way in which she said that he would have to marry them—unless the Bishop should like to come forward and perform the ceremony."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the Dean, angrily.

"If you had heard," continued his daughter, "all that she had to say about the family name and the family property, and the family grandeur generally, you would have thought her the most becoming young woman in the country to be the future Lady Geraldine."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of it, my dear," said Mrs. Hippesley.

"We shall have to talk of it, and had better become used to it among ourselves. I don't suppose that Miss Altifiorla has invented the story out of her own head. She would not say that she was engaged to marry my uncle if it were not true."

"It's my belief," said the Dean, getting up and walking out of the room in great anger, "that Sir Francis Geraldine will never marry Miss Altifiorla."

"I don't think my brother will ever marry Miss Altifiorla," said Mrs. Dean. "He is very silly and very vicious, but I don't think he'll ever do anything so bad as that."

"Poor Miss Altifiorla!" said Mrs. Thorne afterward to her aunt Forrester.

That same evening Miss Altifiorla, feeling that she had broken the ice, and oppressed by the weight of the secret, which was a secret still in every house in Exeter except the Deanery, wrote to her other friend, Mrs. Green, and begged her to come down. She had tidings to tell of the greatest importance. So Mrs. Green put on her bonnet and came down. "My dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be—"

"Not married!" said Mrs. Green.

"Yes, I am. How very odd that you should guess! But yet, when I come to think of it, I don't know that it is odd. Because, after all, there does come a time in—a lady's life when it is probable that she will marry." Miss Altifiorla hesitated, having in the first instance desired to use the word girl.

"That's as may be," said Mrs. Green. "Your principles used to be on the other side."

"Of course all that changes when the opportunity comes. It wasn't so much that I disliked the idea of marriage for myself, as that I was proud of the freedom which I enjoyed. However, that is all over. I am free no longer."

"And who is it to be?"

"Ah, who is it to be? Can you make a guess?"

"Not in the least. I don't know of anybody who has been spooning you."

"Oh, what a term to use! No one can say that any one ever—spooned me. It is a horrible word. And I can not bear to hear it fall from my own lips."

"It is what young men do do," said Mrs. Green.

"That I think depends on the rank in life which the young men occupy—and also the young women. I can understand that a bank clerk should do it to an attorney's daughter."

"Well, who is it you are going to marry without spooning, which in my vocabulary is simply another word for two young people being fond of each other?" Miss Altifiorla remained silent for a while, feeling that she owed it to herself to awe her present companion by her manner before she should crush her altogether by the weight of the name she would have to pronounce. Mrs. Green had received her communication flippantly, and had probably felt that her friend intended to demean herself by some mere common marriage. "Who is to be the happy swain?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Swain!" said Miss Altifiorla, unable to repress her feelings.

"Well, lover, young man, suitor, husband as is to be. Some word common on such occasion will, I suppose, fit him."

Miss Altifiorla felt that no word common on such occasions would fit him. But yet it was necessary that she should name him, having gone so far. And having again been silent for a minute, so as to bethink herself in what most dignified language this might be done, she proceeded: "I am to be allied"—again there was a little pause—"to Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Him Cecilia Holt rejected!"

"Him who I think was fortunate enough to escape Cecilia Holt."

"Goodness gracious! It seems but the other day!"

"Cecilia Holt has since recovered from her wounds and married another husband, and is now suffering from fresh wounds. Is it odd that the gentleman should have found some one else to love, when the lady has had time, not only to love, but to marry and to be separated from another man?"

"Sir Francis Geraldine!" ejaculated Mrs. Green. "Well, I'm sure I wish you all the joy in the world. When is it to be?" But Mrs. Green had so offended Miss Altifiorla by her manner of accepting the news that she could not bring herself to make any further gracious answer. Mrs. Green therefore took her leave, and the fact of Miss Altifiorla's engagement was soon known all over Exeter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEAM FROM THE STREETS.

The summer heat in the streets of New York is comparatively cool to any one who comes from the receiving-vault of the New York Steam Company at Nos. 172, 174, and 176 Greenwich Street. The steam from four two hundred and fifty horse-power boilers pours into it now continuously. Day and night all the year round the fires are burning, the immense blowing machines are whirling around, and the smoke is curling from the huge chimney, which rises to a height of two hundred and twenty-five feet. When the building is completed, and steam from sixty-four boilers of two hundred and fifty horse-power each is led into the receiving-vault, this part of the premises might as well be fitted up for a Russian bath establishment. Yet the steam from this vault runs an ice factory.

The building will, when completed, have a front of seventy-five feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of one hundred and twenty feet. Sixteen boilers will be placed on each of four floors, so that sixteen thousand horse-power will be distributed over the place. Another chimney as high as the one already mentioned will be erected. The coal goes on elevators to the top floor, is run from the elevators on cars to huge bins, whence it falls through chutes on to the fires, while the ashes fall through similar chutes to the basement.

To guard against danger from explosion, the boilers are constructed on the pipe system. Each consists of a bundle of pipes. Should one of these explode, the others are not affected; and if any damage at all should result, it would be very trivial. Croton water is used. As there is a contrivance which allows the waste water to run back, the same water is used over and over again.

Out of the receiving-vault the steam passes into pipes laid under the roadway of the streets. These pipes vary from eleven to fifteen inches in diameter, the return water pipes being of about half the diameter of the steam-pipes. The latter are surrounded by brick-work or wood, between which and the pipe is a packing of spun glass, which is a non-conductor of heat. This non-conductor resembles fine soft cotton. As iron pipe expands and contracts lengthwise with variations of temperature, a clever contrivance, called the variator, or compensator, is placed every ninety feet along the line. It consists of two pieces of iron pipe so arranged that they move from and toward each other like the sides of an accordion. Then there are service-boxes from which steam is served into the houses. The amount of pressure for each house is regulated by a valve, just as a locomotive engineer regulates the amount of pressure in his engine by a throttle. To avoid danger of explosion along the mains, there is never more than eighty pounds of pressure in the pipes, although they are tested for double that amount.

Difficulty is experienced in laying the mains on account of the numerous lines of pipe which already undermine the city. A diagram in the company's offices, at 16 Cortlandt Street, of the under-ground work at the intersection of Nassau and Wall streets, shows twenty-seven systems of pipes, sewerage, and catch-basins. It is obviously difficult to penetrate this net-work at such points. And for this reason the company must work more slowly than the demands upon it would warrant. For although it has only four boilers working, orders are coming in from all over the district—from river to river between Chambers and Morris streets—to be served from the Greenwich Street station. The company already supplies a number of factories with motive power, as well as office buildings with motive power for elevators. These buildings will want more steam for heating purposes in the winter. In several restaurants the cooking is done over stoves heated by the company.

Nine sites, besides that on Greenwich Street (Station B), have been selected for stations: Station A, Front Street, foot of Broad. Station D is between Elizabeth and Mott streets, north of Canal. Station E is on Thompson Street, between Broome and Spring. Station H is extended from East Eighteenth to Nineteenth Street, between avenues A and B: there are located at this point quite extensive shops of the company, where the expansion joints and other fittings needed for the pipes are manufactured. Station J is on West Thirtieth Street, near Seventh Avenue. Station K is on the East River, and extends from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Street. Station L is on West Forty-seventh Street, near Ninth Avenue. Station M is on East Forty-ninth Street, east of First Avenue. Station N is on East River, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets.

The Holly system, which was adopted by this company, has been much improved by Mr. CHARLES E. EMERY, its engineer. The other officers are as follows: W. C. ANDREWS, President; WILLIAM P. SHINN, Vice-President; J. A. BOSTWICK, Treasurer; and R. E. ROCKWELL, Secretary.

MABEL'S LOVER.

UNDER the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said, "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae. Her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content, and the lovely waxen flowers, pale, pure, and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home, hid among giant live-oaks gray with the solemn waving Southern moss. She went to the large dim parlor, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets, but the dreamy languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said, "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed jalousies, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner, one hand had fallen down, and the flowers gemmed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman half so fair. He stood gazing on Mabel as if he had "seen a vision." There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's young dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; nor was he destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the ever green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty, and was very proud of it, and she possessed an exquisite voice and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for its possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centred in Mabel Rae. And she soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh, the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine filled the air! when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberose of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted; Mabel was an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs; claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been wronged.

For the first time in all her life Mabel thought for herself, and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annuls all contracts, and surely now if ever it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word, in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him: mails in those days were not certainties: and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel. And in the mean time she must work; and though Mabel could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill-use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked for neither sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paling cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel; by the advice of friends she established herself in a fashionable locality, and commenced teaching music. I think few women could have been more successful; so in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York it became "the thing" to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during that season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink lustreless silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever.

She had many lovers, but she ignored or else decidedly refused all. Her heart was still with the tall fair mountaineer who had won it amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noons and moon-lit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right: Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone. After a long and dispiriting search he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted.

But he still loved her passionately, and often on stormy nights when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silences in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate under-tones of the mocking-birds.

Thus the two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly.

But if we will wait, the harvest of the heart *will come;* and so one day Mabel got a note from a friend announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her friend rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York, and going to spend the evening with them.

Did fate knock softly at Mabel's soul then? for she blushed, and instantly, as if by magic, there sprang up in her heart a happy refrain, which she could not control, and which kept on singing, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before the others had begun. So she sat down in the sun-lighted parlors, saying to herself: "I must be still; I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none, but that he comes from the same country. No, there is no hope."

But still above the doubt and fear she could hear the same chiming under-tone, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! Your heart has seen further than your eyes. *Allan has come at last.*

"Ah, my darling! my darling! I have found you at last!" was all that Mabel heard as Allan clasped her to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent and sorrow was over, and never more did she have grief or pain unsoothed or uncomforted—for she was loved.

CAPTURE OF A RHINOCEROS.

THE Begum of Ramoo, near Chittagong, on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, has presented to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, in the name of her son Nawar Ali Khan, a boy of eleven years of age, an adult female rhinoceros, belonging to that group of Asiatic rhinoceroses which is distinguished by the presence of two horns on the upper surface of the facial portion of the head, and which is generally distinct from the one-horned rhinoceros of Asia, and from the two-horned species of Africa.

This rhinoceros was captured about seven months ago by the Begum's retainers. A shikaree had gone out to hunt, and when he had reached some paddy fields he was told by the ryots who were there at work that an animal had come out from the jungle, on to the fields, and that it was neither a gyal, a buffalo, nor an elephant. The shikaree at once sent a message to the Begum asking that assistance might be sent to capture the animal, and in a short time a large number of people had arrived armed with sticks. The locality to which the beast had retired presented facilities for its capture, as it was a small isolated hill or *teelah* separated from the high range of mountains to the east. The shikaree arranged his men between the teelah and the main range, with instructions not to allow the animal to escape in that direction, but that if it made for an adjoining jheel, or for an open slope toward the village, it was to be allowed to pass by either of these ways, as it would be possible to noose it in the jheel, and to capture it if it went to the village. The animal, however, refused to show itself, and did not come out of the dense jungle, but the would-be captors were aware that it was moving round the teelah, and at length the shikaree by climbing a tree was able to make out that it was a rhinoceros. They then tied a number of ropes to the branches of the trees, letting them hang down as nooses, in the course the animal was following. In a short time their labor was rewarded, as it ran its head first into one noose and then into another, tearing them away, however, from the trees, and, in its excitement, rushing out on to the open slope leading to the village, dragging the ropes after it. By this time it was somewhat exhausted, for it fell in a muddy hollow, where it was immediately surrounded, secured by ropes, and ultimately dragged into the village.

Three days afterward the male made its appearance from the same teelah, but unfortunately an effort made to capture it did not prove successful. The female rapidly became tame and tractable, and was introduced into the zenana, where it soon established itself as a favorite, more especially with the children, who used to ride as safely on its back as children have done on the back of Jumbo.

THE LARGEST STEAMBOAT IN THE WORLD.

THE Old Colony Steamboat Company, operating the Fall River Line of boats, and owners of the splendid steamers *Bristol* and *Providence*, wanted another steamer that should exceed even these in size, elegance of finish, and speed. To satisfy their demands, Messrs. JOHN ROACH & SONS undertook to build for them the largest and fastest steamboat in the world. Last July the hull of this monster craft was launched from the famous Chester ship-yard, and was christened, in honor of the old Bay State, the *Pilgrim*. The huge boat, designed and built by Constructor FARON, has a length over all of 390 feet, an extreme beam of 87 feet, and a draught of 12 feet. Her normal rate of speed is to be twenty miles an hour. Thus she is ten feet longer than the *Bristol*, two feet wider, one foot deeper, and is designed to travel two miles an hour faster. She is built with two iron hulls, one inside of the other, and so rigidly braced as to equal in strength a solid hull of a thickness of the space existing between the two, and capable of being driven through the ice, that sometimes obstructs Long Island Sound, as though it were card-board. The space between the hulls is divided into ninety-six, and the inner hull beneath the iron main deck into seven, water-tight compartments, so that it is beyond the limits of possibility for any known form of accident to sink the vessel.

When the attempt was made to launch the *Pilgrim* she slid along the ways until 130 feet of her length overhung the water, and then stopped, the heat of the weather and the friction of her own moving mass having melted and dried off the tallow with which the ways were greased. For nine days she remained in this position before the efforts made to move her were successful, and serious fears were entertained that she might become strained. When, however, she was finally safely afloat, it was found that not a seam had opened, nor a butt of her wood-work started, nor did the stanch hull betray the slightest evidence of the terrible strain to which it had been so long subjected.

After being launched, the *Pilgrim* was towed to New York, and now lies in the East River at the foot of Ninth Street, off JOHN ROACH & SON'S Morgan Iron-Works, where, amid the incessant din of hundreds of hammers, and in the glare from the Plutonian fires of the vast forges, she is receiving her boilers and machinery, and having her wood-work supplied. Here she will be finished ready for service, a labor that will take five or six months to complete, and she will not make her first trip until the opening of the next summer season.

The paddle-wheels of the *Pilgrim* are 41 feet in diameter, and to turn them the largest shaft in the world has been constructed. The *Great Eastern* was originally a side-wheel steamer, but each of her wheels was driven by its own engine, so that two shafts were used, neither of which was as large as this one of the *Pilgrim*. This shaft was forged in two sections, each of which weighs 40 tons. The great hammer by which it was beaten into shape weighs 17,000 pounds, and, driven downward by steam-power, is capable of delivering a blow of 66,000 pounds' weight. After being forged, the huge piece of metal was placed in a lathe, and turned as nicely and with as great accuracy as though it were a pinion of a watch. The accuracy with which this turning must be done may be realized when it is understood how the shaft and crank-piece are fitted together. The crank is bored about an eighth of an inch less in diameter than that of the shaft, and heated until the metal expands and the bore is exactly the same size as the shaft. Then the shaft, which has been kept at a much lower temperature, is inserted. If this is done too slowly, or if from irregular turning the shaft is not perfectly true to its bearings in the crank, the whole work is destroyed, and the iron must be broken up; for the hot crank-piece has already closed upon the cold shaft with such a grip that they can never again be separated.

The huge cylinder, weighing thirty-five tons, having an interior diameter of nine feet and two inches and a fourteen-foot stroke, was cast in the same foundry, and its removal from the yard and careful placing within the iron hull was a most serious undertaking, and one requiring the utmost skill and attention. It was, however, successfully accomplished, and formed a scene of such interest to our artist that he chose it as his subject of illustration. The great walking-beam of the *Pilgrim*, already cast and waiting to be placed in position, is twenty-nine feet long by fourteen feet and six inches across at its widest part, and weighs thirty-eight tons.

In the interior of the vessel every compartment in which fire is to be used is inclosed within iron walls, not wooden walls sheathed with iron, but solid plates of heavy boiler iron riveted together, and absolutely preventing the escape of any fire inclosed within their protecting limits.

The letters forming the name *Pilgrim*, which will be painted on the paddle-boxes, will be nearly four feet in height. Every room in this magnificent steamboat is to be furnished with small electric lights, and the total cost of the *Pilgrim* when completed will be nearly a million and a half of dollars.

CHARMS AGAINST NIGHTMARE.

AMONG the charms in use as a preservative against nightmare may be mentioned the coal rake. Not very long ago, at the West Riding Court, at Bradford, in a case of a husband and wife having quarrelled, the woman stated that the reason why she kept a coal rake in her bedroom was that she suffered from nightmare, and had been informed that the rake would keep it away. Lluellin (1679), referring to the power of coral over the nightmare, has the following:

"Some the nightmare hath prest,
With that weight on their breast,
No returnes of their breath can passe;
But to us the tale is addle,
We can take off our saddle,
And turn out the nightmare to grasse."

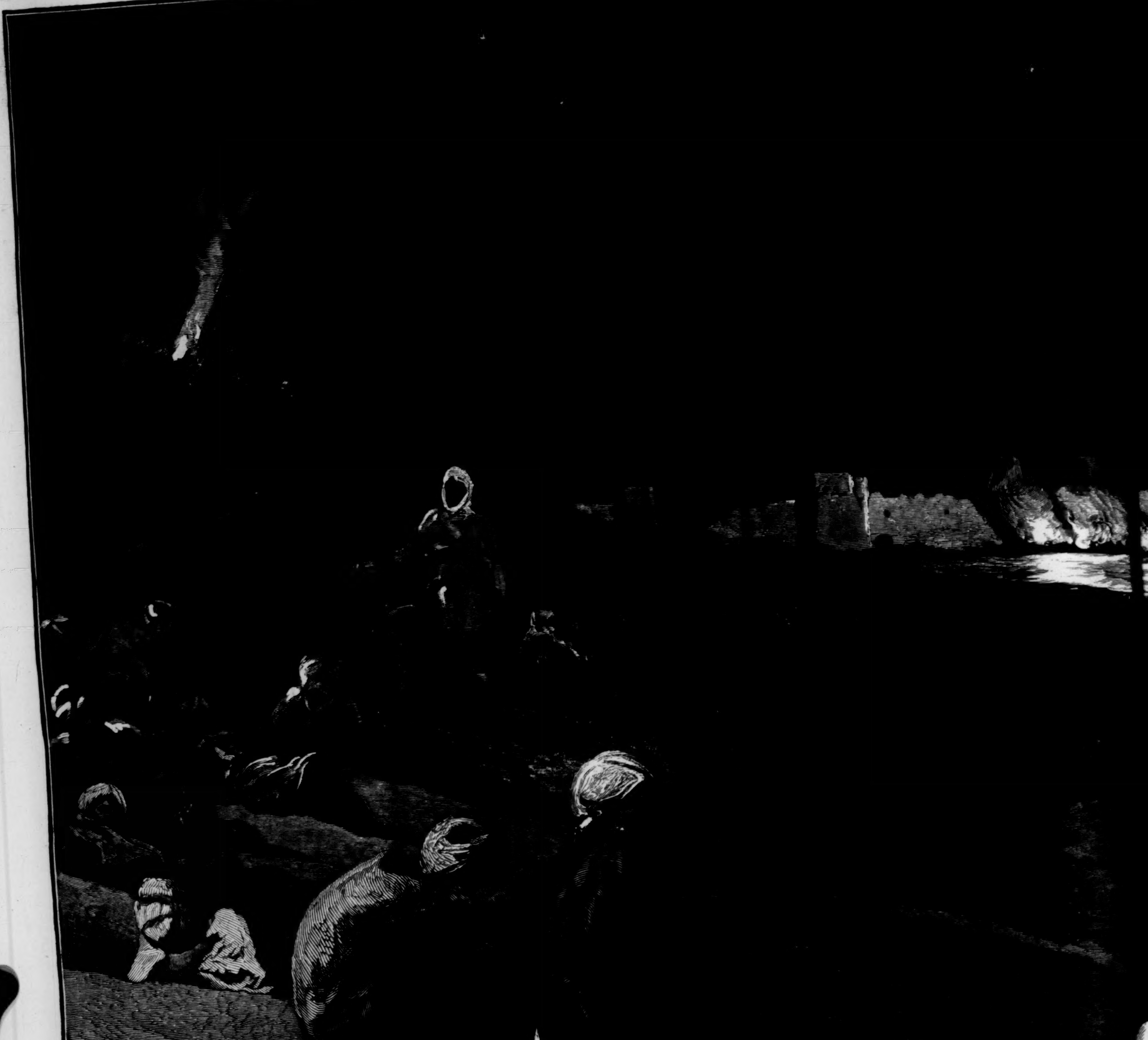
Hence, it has been suggested, arose the popularity for children to wear coral beads—a practice which extensively prevails even at the present day. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, mentions a charm which is perhaps nowadays as popular as in his time. He says: "To hinder the nightmare, they hang in a string a flint with a hole in it by the manger, but best of all, they say, hung about their necks, and a flint will do that hath not a hole in it. It is to prevent the nightmare, viz., the hag, from riding their horses, who will sometimes sweat at night. The flint thus hung does hinder it." In Lancashire the peasantry fancy that the nightmare appears in the form of a dog, and in order to frustrate its influence they place their shoes under the bed, with the toe upward, on retiring to rest. Herrick, again, in his *Hesperides*, gives the following advice:

"Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat;
This observed, the manes shall be
Of your horses all knot-free."

The mistletoe is a popular charm, and when hung over the bed is said to ward off the nightmare. Hence, in certain parts of Germany, one of the popular names for this plant signifies "mare-branches." Alluding to German superstitions on this point, we are told that a powerful remedy against the pressure of the nightmare is to cross the arms and legs before going to sleep. Thunder-stones are also considered a good remedy, and some persons place them at their doors. A piece of German folk-lore further tells us that in the pines branches are often found quite curled together, having almost the appearance of nests. When it rains, persons should be careful not to pass under such branches, for whoever is touched with a rain-drop from one of these nests will in the course of the night be oppressed with the nightmare. Once more: in days gone by it appears that there were numerous incantations addressed to saints, much used by the superstitious—an allusion to which we find in Cartwright's play of *The Ordinary* (Act III., Scene 1):

"Saint Francis, and Saint Benedight,
Blesse this house from wicked wight,
From the Nightmare and the Goblin,
That is hight good fellow Robin.
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fayries, weezels, rats, and ferrets,
From Curfew time
To the next prime."

This was, no doubt, intended to be satirical—a parody on those which were genuine. Lastly, according to a German idea which is not unknown in other countries, the nightmare creeps up the body of the sleeper. The weight is first felt on the feet, then on the stomach, and finally on the breast, when the sufferer, completely overpowered, can no longer move a limb.



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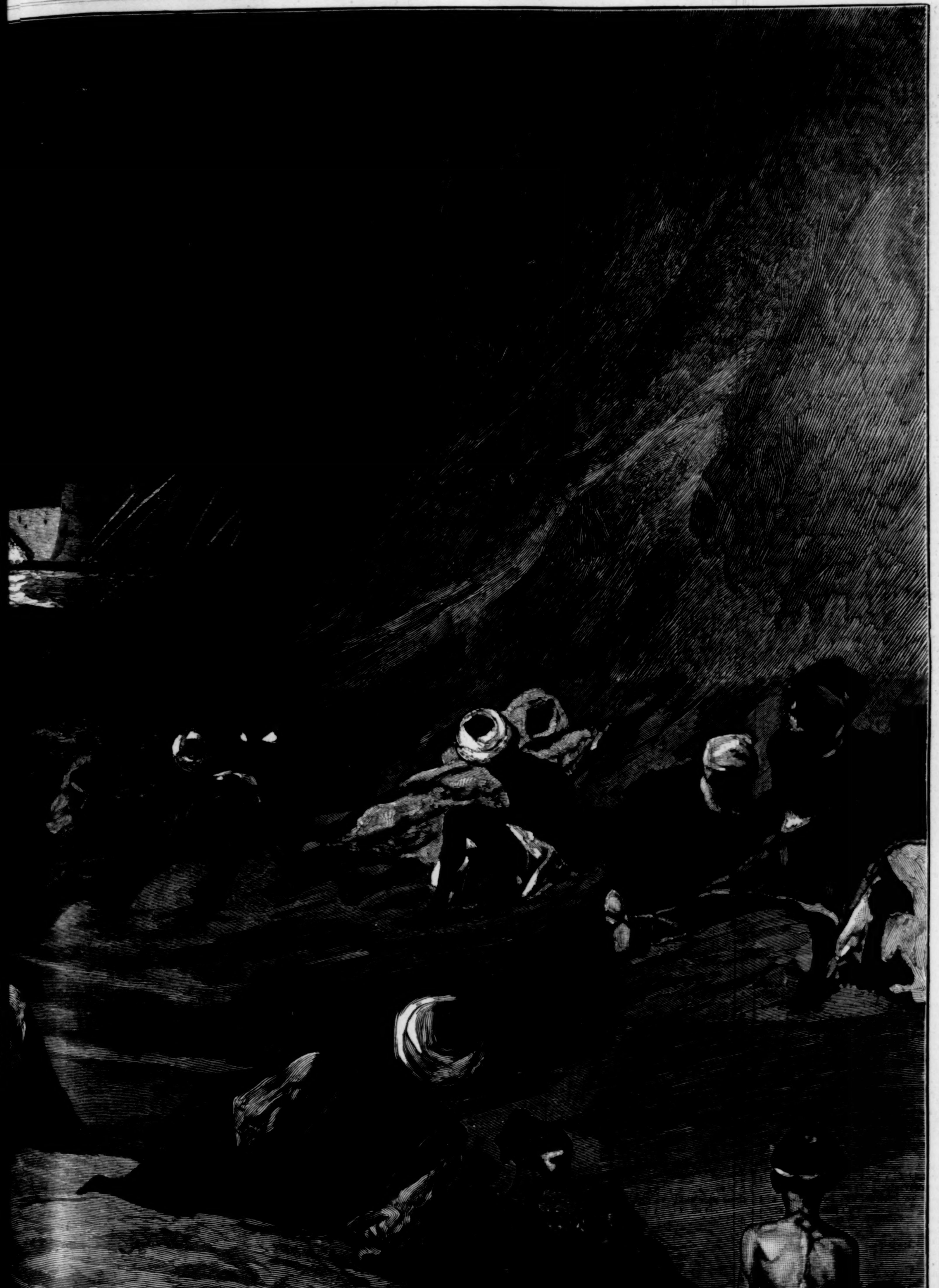


E ILE TO RISE.—[See Page 571.]

AND NOW COMES AUTUMN.

And now comes Autumn—artist bold and free,
Exceeding rich in brightest tints that be—
And with a skill that tells of power divine
Paints a vast landscape wonderfully fine.
Over the chestnut cloth of gold he throws,
Turns the ash purple, cheers with scarlet glows
The lonely sumac, that erewhile was seen
Clad in dull foliage of a sombre green,
Where daisies bloomed gives golden-rod instead,
Stains every oak leaf with the darkest red,
Sets all the woodbine's waving sprays on fire,
And leaves them flaming from the cedar's spire.
And clust'ring berries hangs he here and there,
Some like the rubies, some as round and fair
As pearls, some blue as sapphires, some as brown
As the fast-fading leaves that rustle down
Beneath the trees that gave them life, to die,
Or else away with roving winds to fly.
And when at last all's finished—hill and dale,
Wildwood and field—he drops a misty veil
Over the picture, and a few glad days
The world looks on with wonder and with praise,
Till faint and fainter all the colors grow,
And Winter hides it underneath the snow.

Margaret Eytinge.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

The only difference it made at first was a slight increase of sympathy and respect on the part of Joseph Pinder. But this was followed by a more manifest ardor of devotion, and this in due course by open courtship.

Sarah thought it due to herself and her position to curb this. She did so with admirable address, sometimes playfully, sometimes coldly, sometimes firmly, always kindly; yet with all this tact the repeated checks made Pinder cross now and then.

She was sorry, but out of prudence would not show it. It ended in his begging pardon, and in her saying she did not blame him; it was the natural consequence of her situation, now that situation was declared.

As nothing stands still, this went on till the very thing Sarah had foreseen came to pass. The man, after so many years of self-restraint, and so many good offices done, found himself at last rewarded with affection only. *That* was so sweet, that instead of satisfying him, it enticed him on; he longed to possess her, and asked himself why not. It was no longer either wrong or impossible. He implored her to divorce James Mansell and marry him. She received the proposal with innocent horror. "For shame!" she said—"oh, for shame!" and turned her back on him, and would hardly speak to him for some hours.

He took the rebuff humbly enough at the time. But afterward he consulted his friends, and they sided with him, and he returned to the charge. He pressed her, he urged her, he coaxed her, he did everything except remind her of his own merits (and her own heart supplied that omission), but she would not yield. And the provoking thing was, she would not argue. Her old-fashioned religion and her old-fashioned delicacy despised reasoning on such a matter. He might almost as well have offered her reasons for bigamy. She was prejudiced, and deaf to logic. The next time he attacked her she showed distress. "Ah," she said, "I foresaw this. Now you know why I kept my sad story to myself. I know the value of peace and pure affection, and I know that you or any man would demand more than I can give. I don't blame you, dear; but you will not forgive me; it is not likely." Her tears, the first he had ever made her shed, melted him. He kissed her, and begged her to forgive him. She sighed, and said: "I suppose it is no use telling you what it costs me to deny you. You will never be easy now, but will never move *me*. I can't help it. I must trust in God."

Joseph Pinder told his friends it was no use; he couldn't move her; he only tormented himself and made her unhappy. Then one of them laughed in his face, and told him he was loving the woman like a calf and not like a man. If she is really fond of you, be her master. She'll like you all the better, whatever she may pretend. You cut it for a year or two, and let her find out what you are worth.

Another told him he was being humbugged and made a convenience of. The woman was secretly hoping her husband would come back and eat humble-pie. So what with passion, the sense of long service, instilled distrust, and wounded vanity, Joseph Pinder, after disquieting himself and Sarah in vain for six months, resolved to *make a change*. One Saturday night he packed up his carpet-bag, and announced that he should go next morning to Manchester, and thence to London.

"For how long?" asked Sarah, anxiously.

"Well, Sarah, for good, unless something happens."

Sarah said nothing; she understood in a moment that he intended to make a last attempt, and to go if she refused.

Next morning she went to church just as usual, and Joe Pinder awaited her return—with his ultimatum.

However, his feelings were subjected to some little trials before she came home.

It was a glorious day.

Lucy and Deborah sat out in the little garden. He finished packing his bag, and then went down to say a last word to them. He found Deborah with red eyes, and silent too—very unusual things with her. She and Lucy had evidently been talking the matter over, for Lucy asked him plump why her mother would not marry him. He replied, sullenly, "Because I don't deserve it, you may be sure."

"That is a fib," said Lucy, severely. "Well, if she won't, you had better marry me. Anything is better than being cross."

"You must grow up first," suggested Deborah.

"Or I must grow down," said Pinder.

Then he took Lucy on his knee, and being in no humor for jest, he said: "I had set my heart on you for a daughter. A wife I might find, but a daughter like you, all ready to love me—a regular rose-bud! Ah, well!"

Lucy, precocious in all matters of sentiment, gushed out directly: "You shall! you shall! Why, now I think of it, I want a father. I never much liked the other one. But I like you, Uncle Joe—I mean Father Joe. There, I love—I adore you." She spread her arms supernaturally wide, and threw them round his neck with an enthusiastic rush.

"Little angel!" said the affectionate fellow. "Well, Lucy, I'll try for you, but I suppose it is no use. Yes, Deborah," said he, "I'll go for my bag, and a few minutes will decide."

Deborah could not blame him, for she knew that if she'd been a man, she could not have been so patient as Joe Pinder had been. There was a wicket-gate at the back of the garden, and Sarah now appeared at it. She had risen in the world. Both she and Deborah were dressed in rich black silk dresses, but with no trimming or flounces. Being tall, they showed off the material all the more. Sarah had a white French bonnet and neat gloves, but, relic of humility, she carried her prayer-book in her hand.

Deborah sent Lucy in-doors, and went to meet her sister. "Oh, Sarah," she said, all in a hurry, "do mind what you're about. Joe Pinder's blood is up. I think it is his friends that jeer him."

Sarah sighed, "What can I do?"

"You can't do nothing, but you can say a deal. Why, what is a woman's tongue for? Tell him anything, promise anything. La, I wish I was in your place—he should never leave me."

Before Sarah could answer, Pinder appeared at the door with a large carpet-bag. He put it down on the steps. Deborah ran to him.

"Oh, Joseph," she said, pathetically, "what should we do without thee? And look at the garden—not a flower but you planted, and 'twas you laid the turf. Joe dear, don't believe but she loves you with all her heart. She never could love two since she was born, and you are the *one*."

"That remains to be seen," said the man, firmly; and he looked so pale and so dogged Deborah had little hope he would give in. He came to Sarah; she was seated in a garden chair waiting bravely for him. He stood in front of her. "I've come to know your mind once for all."

"I think you know my mind," she said, gently, "and I'm sure you know my heart."

"No, Sarah, I don't, not to the bottom."

"Perhaps not. Women-folk were always hard for men to understand. Never heed that. Speak your own mind to me, dear Joseph."

And Pinder said he was there on purpose. "But first," said he, "let me put a question to you. I'm almost ashamed to, though."

"It is no time to be afraid or ashamed," said she, solemnly. "Let me know all that is in your heart—the heart that I am losing."

"No, no," said Pinder, "not if you think it worth keeping. Well, Sarah, what I am driven to ask you is, What can any man do to earn a woman more than I have done? I have loved you honestly these ten years. I was true to you when you didn't belong to me. I tried to serve your husband for your sake—a chap I always disliked and despised. You found him out at last, and parted with him. Then I hid my mind no longer."

"It never was hidden from me."

"Since you came back alone I have courted you openly. You don't forbid me. You almost seem to return my love."

"Almost seem! I love you with all my heart and soul. I never loved as I love you, for I never esteemed."

"Ah! If I could only believe that!"

"You may believe it. I never told a lie. My heart turned to you when I saw you in my dream, and thought of your long fidelity and no reward. My poor Joseph, my heart turned more and more to you as the ship sailed homeward, and you were the one that made coming home seem sweetest to me. Where are your eyes? Since I came home have I ever regretted the creature I used to pine for?" (She put her white hands to her face, and blushed.) "Women don't *make* love as men do, but they *show* it in more ways than men do, to those who will but see it."

"Then show me a little love—real love. Make me your husband!"

"How can I?"

"Easy enough. Divorce that villain, and marry me. It is a plain case of desertion and infidelity. You can get a divorce for the asking."

"What! Go to law?"

"Why not? It's done every day by your betters."

She colored faintly, and said, with gentle dignity, "My superiors, you mean. They do a many things I can't, besides painting and powdering of their faces. Me go to a court of law to part those that were joined till death in a church? That I could never do."

Pinder got angry. He belonged to a debating club, and he let her have it accordingly. "That is all superstition. The priests used to tell ignorant folks that marriage was a sacrament, and only the Pope of Rome could annul it. But we are not slaves of superstition and priestcraft nowadays. Marriage is not a sacrament; it is a contract, no more, no less. Your husband has broken it contrary to law, and you have only got to dissolve it according to law. Wouldn't I divorce a faithless wife for you? And you would do as much for me, if you loved me as I love you."

"I love you better," said she; "by the same token, I couldn't quarrel with you as you do with me. Oh! pray, pray don't ask me to go into a public court, and say I only come to be freed from a wicked husband, and then have to own another man is waiting to take me. Ah! if you respected me as I do you, you couldn't—"

"I have respected you these ten years, and I've shown it. Now it is time to respect myself. I'm the laughing-stock of my friends for my calf-love."

"Ah!" cried she, in dismay, "if they have been and wounded your vanity, it is all over. A man's love can not stand against his vanity. But oh! if they knew how you are loved and respected, they would be ashamed to play upon you so. Dear Joseph, be patient, as I am. Believe that I love you better than you or any man born can ever love me. You are so agitated and so angry, you frighten me, dear. Do but think calmly one moment: what is the best thing in holy wedlock, after all? Is it not the respect, and the tender affection, and the sweet company? What husband is more cherished than you, or better loved? My sister loves you; my child loves you; I love you dearly. If you could but see us when you are away, how dead-alive the place is, and we all sit mum-chance; but the moment you come we are all gay and talkative. You are our master, our delight, our very sunshine, and is *that* nothing?"

Joseph Pinder drank the honey with glistening eyes, but he could not quite digest it. He said these were sweet words, and there was a time when they would have charmed his ears, and blinded him to the hard truth. But he was older now, and had learned that woman's words are air. It is only by her actions you can ever know her heart.

"James Mansell," he said, "is a man of my age. 'Tisn't likely we shall both outlive him. So when you say you will not divorce him, that is as much as to say you will never be my wife till he is so obliging as to die. What is that but treating me like a calf? I won't die a bachelor to please James Mansell, nor any woman that clings to him *for life*. I will leave this, kill or cure."

Sarah objected firmly to that. "No, Joseph, if we are to part, it is for me to go and you to stay. This pretty house and garden I have enjoyed so, 'tis the fruit of your industry, and your skill, and your affection, that I can not recompense as you require, and so you will call me ungrateful some day, and break my heart altogether. My dear, you must oblige me in this one thing, you must live here, and send me back to my little shop, and let me see you get rich, and make some woman happy that will love you better than I do. You loved me most when I stood at that little counter in Green Street, and didn't even pretend to be a lady." She began steadily enough, but, with all her resolution, her voice failed, and she ended in tears.

"No, Sarah, you are not going to get it all your own way. Lucy loves me, and would be my daughter to-morrow. I won't hurt her; and I could not let you go back to Green Street. I'll take nothing with me but my carpet-bag, and my pride, and the heart you have worn out."

Then Sarah began to cry in earnest.

"Oh, Joseph," said she, in accents to melt a stone, "is it not sorrow enough to part? Can you part in anger? I wouldn't be angry with *you* if you were to kill me."

"Part in anger?" said he. "Heaven forbid! Forgive me, my darling, if I have spoken a harsh word; and give me your hand at parting." He put out his hand, she seized it, and kissed it passionately. He kissed hers as tenderly, and their tears fell fast upon each other's hands. But he was a man, and had said he would go. So he actually did tear himself away, and catch up his bag, and through the wicket-gate; and such was his manly resolution and his wounded pride that he went thirty—or at least twenty-five—yards before he wished himself back upon any terms whatever. Till now he never knew how much she loved him.

As for Sarah, she did not attempt to deceive herself or any one else. She laid her brow on the little table and sobbed piteously. Deborah came running to her, and took off her bonnet the first thing, for why should she spoil that as well as break her heart? But while saving the sacred bonnet, she was trying to comfort the heart.

"How could he leave you? How could you let him? It will kill you."

"Perhaps not. I trust in Heaven."

"Don't cry like that, dear," sobbed Deborah. "He will come back in a month or two, and then you will give in to him."

"No. I can only cry for him, and trust in my Redeemer, as I did when that creature played me false. I didn't trust in vain. Bring me my child."

Deborah put Lucy on her lap, and Sarah fondled her and cried over her. Presently what should Deborah see but Joseph Pinder at the wicket-gate with his bag. She ran to him all in a hurry and whispered, "Not yet, ye foolish—you mustn't come back for a week; then she will be like wax."

"I'm not coming back at all," said Pinder, loud and aggressively. "It is only out of civility. Lady and gentleman from America looking everywhere for her." Then he held the gate open, and beckoned to a lady and gentleman. They appeared, and at his invitation passed through the wicket.

Now Sarah had ears like a hare. She heard every word, and her smile of celestial love and just a little earthly triumph at Pinder's voice and self-deception was delicious; only, as she had been crying, she could not face these visitors all in a moment, but dried her eyes and tried to compose her features. Just then Pinder pointed her out in silence, and Solomon Grace walked gravely down the garden, and drew up stiffly at her right hand. Mrs. Grace also moved toward Sarah, but hung back a little. There was an air of solemnity about them both. Pinder, instead of retiring again, crept down a little way with his bag, and a swift exchange of words passed between him and Deborah.

"You came out of civility: what are you staying for?"

"Curiosity," snarled Pinder.

As soon as Mrs. Mansell saw Solomon Grace she said, eagerly, "Oh, my good friend, you here? Welcome!" She put out both hands to him."

He took them, and said, gravely, "We bring you serious news."

At the sound "we," Sarah turned, and there was Mrs. Grace. She welcomed her just as she had done her husband. Lucy made a school courtesy to both of them. There was a hesitation. Grace and his wife looked at each other.

"Yes, you can tell her," said Elizabeth.

Sarah Mansell eyed them keenly. "Yes, you can tell me: whoever is false to me is dead to me from that moment." She half divined the truth. Some women can read faces, manner, incidents, all in a moment, and put them together. This was one.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "I am glad you are prepared for it. James Mansell is no more."

Then Grace handed her the certificate of Mansell's death.

Mrs. Grace resumed: "He died in the hospital, and he died penitent, begging forgiveness of those he had injured. Mrs. Mansell, I stood by his bedside and pardoned him."

"And so do I," said Sarah. "I forgive him with all my heart, as I hope to be one day forgiven;" and she raised her pious eyes to heaven.

Whilst this was going on, Deborah came behind Pinder, who was listening gravely to every word, and quietly took the bag away out of his hand, and then his hat; both of these she handed to the servant-girl, and bade her hide them. Susan took the hint in a moment. Thus disarmed, Joseph sat meekly down in a chair at some distance, and Lucy immediately seated herself on his knee, with an arm round his neck. Sarah parted for the present with her American friends, but took their address, and in due course entertained them hospitably.

But this was a solemn day, and though she scorned to feign a single particle of regret, yet she felt it was not a day for conviviality. When she had bidden the Graces "good-by" at the wicket-gate, she walked slowly toward the house. Then, looking askant, her eye fell on Pinder, with Lucy on his knee. She stopped and looked at them. Just then the servant came out into the porch and announced dinner. Sarah smiled sweetly on the pair, and said, "Come, my dears."

They both came; Joseph very humbly. But Sarah never uttered one syllable of comment on his temporary revolt. He, on his part, tried his best to make her forget their one quarrel. But that was quite unnecessary, and she let him see it. She never thought him in the wrong, but only thought herself in the right, and she never showed him even the shadow of resentment or exultation. She was "Singleheart," and she loved him.

When, after waiting a decent time, he threw out a timid hint that he hoped he might call her his own before so very long, she opened her eyes, and said: "*Whenever you please, dear. I'm only waiting your pleasure.*" He was amazed. But that did not prevent his catching her to him with rapture.

In the ardent colloquy that followed this embrace he said he had been fearing she would demand a year's delay.

"Not I," said she; "nor yet a month's. To be sure, I have my own old-fashioned notions of *decency*; but when it comes to ceremony, I would not set up such straws against *you*, not for one moment. What is etiquette to me? I am not a lady." [I am not so sure of that as she was.]

So they were married off-hand, and she soon showed Joe Pinder whether she loved him or not. All he had ever dreamed of love never came near hers. His happiness is perfect; and ten times the sweeter that he waited for it, pined for it, lost it entirely, earned it again, gained it by halves, then enjoyed it to the full.

To the world they are just thriving traders, very diligent and square in business, but benevolent; yet their private history is more romantic than the lives of nineteen poets in twenty.

Deborah is courting diligently. One Sunday afternoon Lucy, nodding over a good book, yet fitfully observant, saw her wooed by three eligible parties in turn over the palings. Then Lucy asked her which she was going to marry.

"How can I tell?" said she.

"Are they all three so very nice?" inquired Lucy, slyly.

"They are all three nicer than none at all," was Deborah's reply.

Lucy's Last.

"Aunt Deb, I don't think you will ever be married."

"That's good news for me. And why not?"

"Because marriages are made in *heaven*."

Now it is not for me to predict the future; but from my observations of the Lucy Mansells I have known, I should expect to find that young lady at seventeen excessively modest and retiring, but as stupid as an owl.

THE END.

THE APPLE HARVEST.

When our forefathers came to this country they brought with them the apple-tree from England, and among the first places where an orchard was planted in the New World was an island in Boston Harbor, which still retains in its name the memory of this incident. The Indians took very kindly to the new fruit, which could be grown with little trouble, and planted the trees all over New England, where what are known as "Indian orchards" are still common. The soil and climate of this country have proved to be very favorable to the cultivation of the apple, and the varieties produced in the Northern, Middle, and Western States are acknowledged to be the finest in the world.

The apple-tree rarely presents a beautiful or symmetrical appearance. It is generally rather dumpy, branches irregularly, and after ten or twelve years of growth the bark becomes rugged and scaly. But nothing can be more beautiful or fragrant than an apple orchard in bloom. Artists and poets have celebrated the loveliness of the rose-tinted flowers which crown the homely trees with sudden glory.

The apple-orchard products of the United States are more than fifty millions of dollars in value, and the number of acres under cultivation as orchards is considerably more than a million. The exportation of apples from this country is a very important branch of industry, and in tropical climates they are in great demand.

WAITING FOR THE OVERFLOW OF THE NILE.

The land we call Egypt consists of the banks of one solitary river in the midst of a world of desert; it is a narrow cañon which runs across that wilderness of sand which stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates. The river has hard work to hold its own, for the desert is encroaching day by day. In some places the banks widen out and embrace a fertile plain, at others the rocky heights that hem it in are so close to the waters that there is only a narrow strip of alluvial soil. At still other places the Arabian desert closes up to the eastern bank, and rolls in undulating drifts to the water's edge. Yellow bowlders crop out of the sand, low barriers of limestone rock appear, and end in a long perspective of flat-topped precipices, which now plunge sheer down to the river, now break into lateral valleys, in which nestle patches of verdure. Through every ravine and gap streams of sand are pouring down from the high level of the desert, just as the snows of Switzerland pour down from the upper plateaux of the Alps. The traveller who ventures even a short distance from the banks of the river finds himself in valleys of sand, which wind among rocks of rose-color and green breccia mixed with porphyry which the sunlight seems to have polished. An hour's journey takes him away from verdure and vegetation, and places him on a vast plain, desert and uncultivated, seamed with profound crevasses, without a tree, without a blade of grass, without a bird.

These crevasses seem sometimes more like the work of man than of nature, so narrow are they in width, so high are the confining slopes. Like the lands on the banks of the river, these lateral valleys receive the overflow of the Nile, less in quantity, but still sufficient to give fertility. It is no wonder that the Egyptians have always regarded the Nile with veneration. In old times the holy stream was an object of worship; in our day it is the centre of countless superstitions. It is believed that its rise is caused by the fall of a miraculous drop into the river, and crowds of the natives spend the night on the banks of the Nile, some in the houses of their friends, some in the open air. A tradition, too, still prevails which gives to the rising waters a healing influence such as was attributed by the Jews to the Pool of Siloam, and sick folk camp out waiting for the increase of the blessed river. During the rise of the Nile the criers proclaim: "God hath been propitious to the lands. The day of good news!" As they pass through the streets they repeat a kind of liturgy: "God hath given abundance, and increased and watered the high lands!" "And the mountains, and the roads, and the fields." "May he pour abundantly the Nile over the country!" The best known festival in connection with the Nile is the cutting of the dam at Cairo, when the population of the city turn out to witness the ceremony, which is attended by a display of fire-works, and is made the occasion of general rejoicing. At night the river and its banks present a remarkably picturesque scene. Numerous boats are constantly passing up and down. The lamps in the rigging and on the shore, where also torches are stuck in the ground, produce a striking effect.

The water of the Nile is pronounced by the Egyptians to be the only water fit to drink. During the first period of the rise, when the waters have a greenish tinge from the quantity of vegetable matter they bring down from Abyssinia and the Great Lakes, the Nile is said not to be wholesome, but this period is of very short duration. The water is always turbid, and has to stand some time till the coloring matter settles. The water is poured into a vessel named *zir*, which is at once a filter and a fountain. It is a vase of fine porous earth, through which the water comes drop by drop, clear, fresh, and limpid. The Nile water thus cooled, purified from particles of mud, and clarified by transmission through the sides of the filter, becomes the lightest, finest, most exquisite drink which can be imagined. Most, however, of the superstitions which are still held respecting the Nile come down from the ancient days when the earliest of civilizations grew up on its banks, and when virgins were offered in sacrifice to the deity of the stream. The boat in which the victim used to be conveyed to the spot where she was to be submerged is still represented by the *Ackabah* with its silken awnings and flags, but the human offering is replaced by an effigy. In the old unreformed days of Egypt the fête of cutting the dam was celebrated with much more of Oriental pomp than is witnessed at present, and all the great officers used to accompany the Pasha who superintended the operation.

A WÜRTEMBERG FESTIVAL.

Caledonia Park, on Jersey City Heights, was last week the scene of a festive German gathering, which our artist has depicted on page 572. More than two thousand persons, all claiming more or less connection with Würtemberg, took part in the merry-making. The festival originated three years ago in a desire on the part of Würtembergers residing in this vicinity to perpetuate here the traditions and customs of their native land.

The ground where the festival was held was fitted up with booths and tents, where ice-cream, Rhine wine and beer, and other refreshments were sold; with swings, shooting-galleries, Punch and Judy shows, and other appliances for amusement and recreation. The most conspicuous object in the park was a tall column composed entirely of vegetables and fruit. The pedestal was made with pumpkins, squashes, and melons, prettily interspersed with black grapes. The shaft was composed of geometrically arranged layers of apples, pears, garlic, potatoes, and peaches, while the capital, very elegantly formed, consisted of cabbages, turnips, and cucumbers, all prettily intermingled with flowers and grapes. At the corners of the pedestal there were clever but intensely ludicrous symbols of ducks formed by malformed squashes, the necks of which were very distinct, while the beaks were represented by inflated red pepper rinds. This column, which was really a miracle of ingenuity, was intended to commemorate the harvest festivals of ancient Würtemberg, over which the king was accustomed to preside.

Several of the national sports were performed in the arena. A company of seven men went through the time-honored farce of the sentry, the highwayman, and the bear. Acrobatic performances by some professor and his pupil, children's sack racing, the distribution of prizes, and dancing in the shed by the young men and maidens formed all the rest of the festival except the eating and drinking. The entertainment was brought to a close in the evening by a fine display of fire-works.

FROG STORIES.

The supposed re-appearance from time to time of the sea-serpent is not a more open subject for credulous admiration or scoffing ridicule, as the case may be, than are the innumerable stories of frogs or toads said to have been imprisoned for centuries, if not for unnumbered ages, in cavities in sandstone, or in coal, or in the heart of a tree, and living through their long confinement seemingly in the enjoyment of excellent health. The credulous and the incredulous respectively believe in or utterly reject all such stories. Among the latest of these remarkable accounts is one given in the *Times of India*, where we are told that a live frog was recently exhumed from among some Buddhist relics which had lain buried for seventeen hundred years, near a place called Bassein.

The writer in the *Times* says: As the frog which has been enjoying *nirvana* so long has been in my custody, I will ask you to find space for a short account of it. It was found in the brick chamber which formed the centre of the mound, and was situated about six feet below the relic box and six feet above the foundation. As the chamber was filled with earth and bricks, we can picture the position of the frog pretty well by imagining a mill chimney filled with *débris* well rammed down, and ourselves embedded about half-way up it. Of course it was one of the coolies digging in the chamber who actually found the frog, but as the progress of the work was intently watched from the top, not much scope was left for the play of even a coolie's stupidity, and Mr Campbell, I believe, feels perfectly assured that the animal was really unearthed where the coolie said he found it, under a brick. So we may proceed to the question: How did it get there? It has been suggested that it came there as an egg, and had never seen the light until the pick-axe of antiquarian research broke in upon it. Now if it had been found in a hollow chamber into which water could percolate, this would have been a very plausible solution of the difficulty; but it was found buried under a brick, with hardly space to move in, and, since the frog passes the early part of its life as a tadpole, which swims in water and is to all intents and purposes a fish, any one who is content to hold that this frog grew up where it was found should distinguish himself further by trying to rear a porpoise in a rabbit-hutch. It may be laid down for certain that, whensoever or howsoever the frog got under the brick where the coolie found it, it got there a fully developed frog, and the alternative is forced upon us either to capitulate unconditionally and accept the conclusion that it spent seventeen centuries cloistered there, or take our stand upon the broad principle that that which is contrary to experience is not to be accepted on evidence, and, therefore, the frog must have poked a way for itself through a couple of brick walls and eight or ten feet of hard ground, or—done something else. At this point the question arises whether it is really contrary to experience that a frog should spend a few centuries in a solitary cell.

Supposed cases of toads being found alive in the heart of living trees, or in sandstone, or coal, have been very numerous, and it is needless to point out that a frog only seventeen centuries old must feel that it is a mere raw youth in the presence of a toad which has watched the formation of the coal beds. Unfortunately it can rarely be possible to get scientific evidence of a case of this kind. There may be no question that a toad has been found in the centre of a solid block of stone, but the stone was broken before it was found, and that there was no crevice leading to its position could only be proved by fitting the pieces carefully together again. This has generally become impossible before any scientific man hears of the case. In 1825 Dr. Buckland made a series of experiments to test the possibility of toads surviving long periods of confinement without food or air. He made twelve cells in a large block of porous limestone and put a toad into each, covering the mouth of a cell with a plate of glass carefully cemented on. The block was then buried three feet deep in his garden. After more than a year it was dug out and examined, when most of the toads were found still alive. Some were emaciated, but in two of the cells the prisoners had actually grown heavier. In one of these the glass plate was found to be cracked, so that minute insects might have entered, but the other cell was quite sound, and yet the toad had gained a quarter of an ounce in weight.

To explain this Dr. Buckland is driven to the hypothesis that there must have been some flaw in the cement with which the glass was fastened. All the surviving toads were buried again, and before the end of the second year they were all dead. Twelve toads were also immured in much smaller cells in a block of hard sandstone, not pervious to air or water, and they all perished within one year. Dr. Buckland was evidently not quite satisfied with the result of these experiments, and indeed they prove a good deal in favor of the toad's powers, while they disprove nothing. They prove that a toad immured in a close cell, with no visible crevice for the admission of food, may not only survive for a year, but actually grow, while they do not prove that it may not do the same thing for a century under better conditions. For Dr. Buckland admits that he had caught the toads two months before he experimented with them, and that they were in a meagre and unhealthy condition; and there is another point even more important which he does not touch on, namely, that they may not have been at that particular time disposed to torpor. There must be a very great difference between the state of an animal imprisoned against its will, and that of one prompted by its own instincts to seek retirement. A bear in a cage dying for want of food does not prove that bears never hibernate. And Dr. Buckland himself mentions casually that when he examined the toads, as he frequently did, during the second year, he found them always wide-awake with their eyes open. This alone seems to deprive his experiments of all value as evidence of the kind required, for the very possibility of any animal surviving long without food depends upon its being in such a state of torpor that all vital functions are entirely or almost entirely suspended. In that state the need for food is reduced almost to zero, and, considering that a toad has been known to live an active life in captivity for forty years, and then did not wear out, but met a violent death, they must be made of good wearing material, and there may be no assignable limit to the time for which one, properly put to sleep and hermetically sealed, will "keep." I do not know how long frogs live.

To return to the Rip Van Winkle under consideration, it is a tree-frog, which makes its peculiar situation still more remarkable, for the tree-frog is quite arboreal in its habits, though doubtless it also buries itself, like others, in dry weather. Its feet being imperfectly webbed, it is not fitted for swimming, but its toes are furnished with suckers, by means of which it can keep its hold on a smooth leaf, or even a pane of glass, with as much ease as a fly. They often come into the house and leap from chair to table and table to bed-post with surprising agility. The common Bombay species is of a greenish-yellow color, but Rip Van Winkle is almost brick red on the back and head, while its sides and legs are black speckled with white and reddish. When the frog was exhumed it was in excellent spirits, but its throat throbbed incessantly. Perhaps fresh air brought strange sensations to it. It was sent to a scientific gentleman to be examined and proved very refractory, would not suffer him to see whether it had vomerine teeth and a bifid tongue, winked when he wanted to note the color of its iris, and kicked when he endeavored to examine the interdigital membrane. So he put it gently under chloroform, and—it died. It is in good spirits still, but of another kind.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Chicago is complaining of a "brutal and despotic" captain of police. It is charged that he is a terror to the innocent, and that men and women are seized by him and locked up without having their names entered on the books, and with no means of sending for lawyers or friends.

A Western newspaper says of a politician, "He is doing his best to boom himself into oblivion, but thinks he will wind up in Congress."

It is said that the first notice some recently appointed clerks in the Pension-Office had of the success of their applications was the receipt of circulars from Mr. Jay Hubbell asking them for two per cent. of their salaries.

A writer in *London Society* says: "The Lord Chamberlain has for once made a very sensible suggestion. Noticing the danger that there is of opera-glasses placed in the front of boxes in the higher tiers of theatres or the opera being upset and falling upon those below, with an almost certainty of causing them serious injury, he has proposed to the managers of theatres that they should have an ornamental gilt wire netting placed beneath the front of the boxes and the dress and upper circles. I most heartily approve of this, as I myself once was very nearly assassinated by the sudden descent of an umbrella that by some means or other had escaped from those upper regions."

Religious intelligence from Georgia: "The Mayor of Stone Mountain has appointed three white and two colored policemen to assist the town marshal in keeping good order during the Methodist colored camp-meeting, which is to be held within the corporate limits near the base of the mountain."

The Boston *Herald* tells of a clerk in the Treasury Department whose "voluntary contributions" during the present year will have amounted to ten per cent. of his salary. He first paid the two per cent. tax assessed by Hubbell, and then a three per cent. assessment from Mahone, and he is about to pay a further tax of five per cent., also demanded by Mahone. The victim was appointed from Virginia. He regrets the payment to the so-called Congressional Campaign Committee. "You can trifle," he says, "with Hubbell, but not with Mahone."

One of the belles of the surf at Long Branch has been displaying a thousand-dollar diamond on the hand with which she clutched the rope when she went down into the damp sand to jump up and scream.

In Orinoco the salutation is, "How have the mosquitoes used you?" The same would do for New Jersey, only there could never be but one answer.

The latest form of watering-place dissipation is guessing on the number of seeds in a melon.

The experiment of playing foot-ball by electric light in England has resulted unsatisfactorily. Players were continually throwing themselves off their feet by kicking violently at the shadows of other players' heads.

Red Cloud Pasha has notified the government that unless certain reforms are inaugurated within sixty days, the looting will begin at the head-quarters of a certain objectionable Indian agent.

There is commotion among the Mennonites in Manitoba. The conservative element, which believes in hooks and eyes, is having all it can do to restrain the progressive, impetuous, and worldly advocates of buttons.

Cetywayo was disappointed in Gladstone. He expected to find him in war-paint, feathers, and beads.

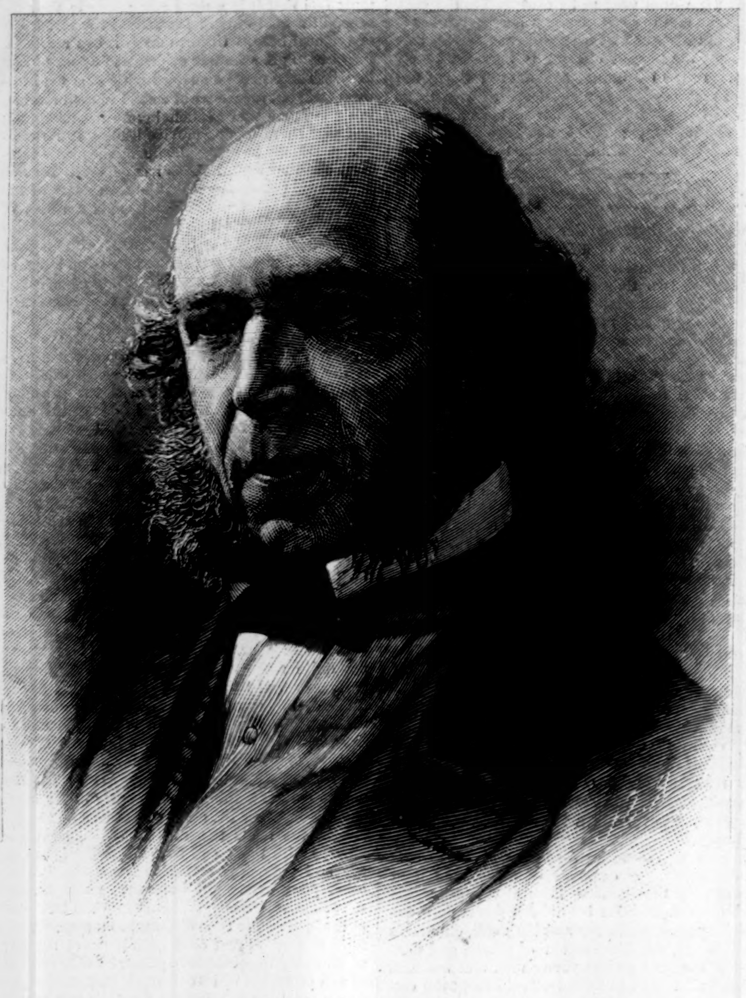
Rhode Island, the smallest of the States, has recently been giving territory to the United States, thus making herself still smaller, and making the United States no larger. The gift was Coasters' Harbor Island, and it is to be used as a naval training station.

Writing about the efforts of young women at the sea-side resorts to get as brown as possible, a puzzled scribe says: "It does not beautify them at all, and there can be but one reason for making themselves ugly, and that is to show that they have been really and truly at the sea-shore."

A novel expedient for giving strength to an alibi was adopted recently by a Massachusetts lawyer. His client was an Italian, and several unimpeachable witnesses had testified that the prisoner was in a certain place at a certain time. On the second day of the trial the lawyer put a friend of the accused man in the dock, and sent his client to a seat among the spectators. The substitution was not discovered for some time, when the lawyer claimed that the witnesses for the prosecution, who had identified the prisoner as the man they had seen at a certain time, might easily have been mistaken, since the learned and observant court did not detect the substitution. The prisoner was acquitted.

An exhibition of the water tower used by the Fire Department of this city was given in Printing House Square on a recent evening for the benefit of Chief Shaw, of the London Fire Department. An account says that the tower was raised in the centre of the square, and two of the most powerful engines of the Department were connected with it. The preparations attracted a throng to City Hall Park. The water was turned on, and "in the twinkle of an eye every man, woman, and boy was drenched to the skin, and put to flight." While the wretched sight-seers rushed up Centre Street, the stream was turned after them, "pouring tons of water over them." Then it was turned in other directions, drenching all who were near; and finally a stream was sent up perpendicularly, which also came down perpendicularly, wetting the men at the base of the tower, and causing the distinguished fireman from abroad to pull up his coat collar and run, exclaiming, "My hat, you know!" Then the contrivance was aimed at a different angle, and each street car was flooded as it came into range. The passengers were drenched, and the dresses of the ladies were spoiled. After all this had been done, Chief Shaw, who had never before seen a water tower, complained of the tardiness with which the evolutions were made, and he was told that the regular operators of the tower were absent. Had they been present, the inference is, the deluge would have been more thorough and disastrous. The English fireman might have at least commended the self-control of the people, who refrained from mobbing the enthusiastic exhibitors of the contrivance.

HERBERT SPENCER.



HERBERT SPENCER.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, the eminent English philosophical writer, arrived in this country August 21. He has long desired to visit America, but has been deterred from the undertaking by his very imperfect health, and his apprehensions of the effect of the Atlantic voyage. He landed in a very exhausted condition, and declining all social engagements and excitement, went quietly away to the mountains to rest and recruit.

Mr. Spencer was born in Derby, England, in 1820. His father was a teacher, a man of culture, of independent views, which he carried out in the education of his son. His fundamental principle in teaching was that only what the pupil does for himself is really valuable to him, and hence he labored to establish inquiring and self-reliant habits in the minds of his pupils rather than to help them to passive acquisitions. Young Spencer was educated on this principle in his boyhood by his father, and afterward by his uncle, an English clergyman. He early took to mathematics and science rather than to classical studies, and instead of going to Cambridge, as his uncle, a university man, desired, he went into railroading, as a civil engineer, at the age of seventeen. The great railroad reaction of 1845 threw him out of business, and he then took to a literary career.

Mr. Spencer is perhaps most widely known by the little work on education, which was contributed first to the Reviews, and issued as a book in 1860. It is written largely from the point of view of his own experience in methods of study, and is so strenuously favorable to the study of science, and so practically valuable as a guide to self-education, that it fell in with the tendencies of the age, and has exerted a very wide influence upon individual minds and upon practical school instruction, as shown by the fact that it has passed through many editions, and has been translated into a great number of languages in all quarters of the world.

Mr. Spencer's life has been outwardly uneventful, and the world is interested in him solely as a thinker and a representative of great modern ideas. In this respect there has been a remarkable unity in his intellectual career. No more striking example can be found of a man working on from his youth through life in a broad but continuous line of research, although from the number and diversity of the fields he has had to traverse, there has arisen the notion that he has a great propensity to write upon everything. The simple fact is that he early got possession of a new all-comprehensive principle, and has spent his life in working it out in all directions.

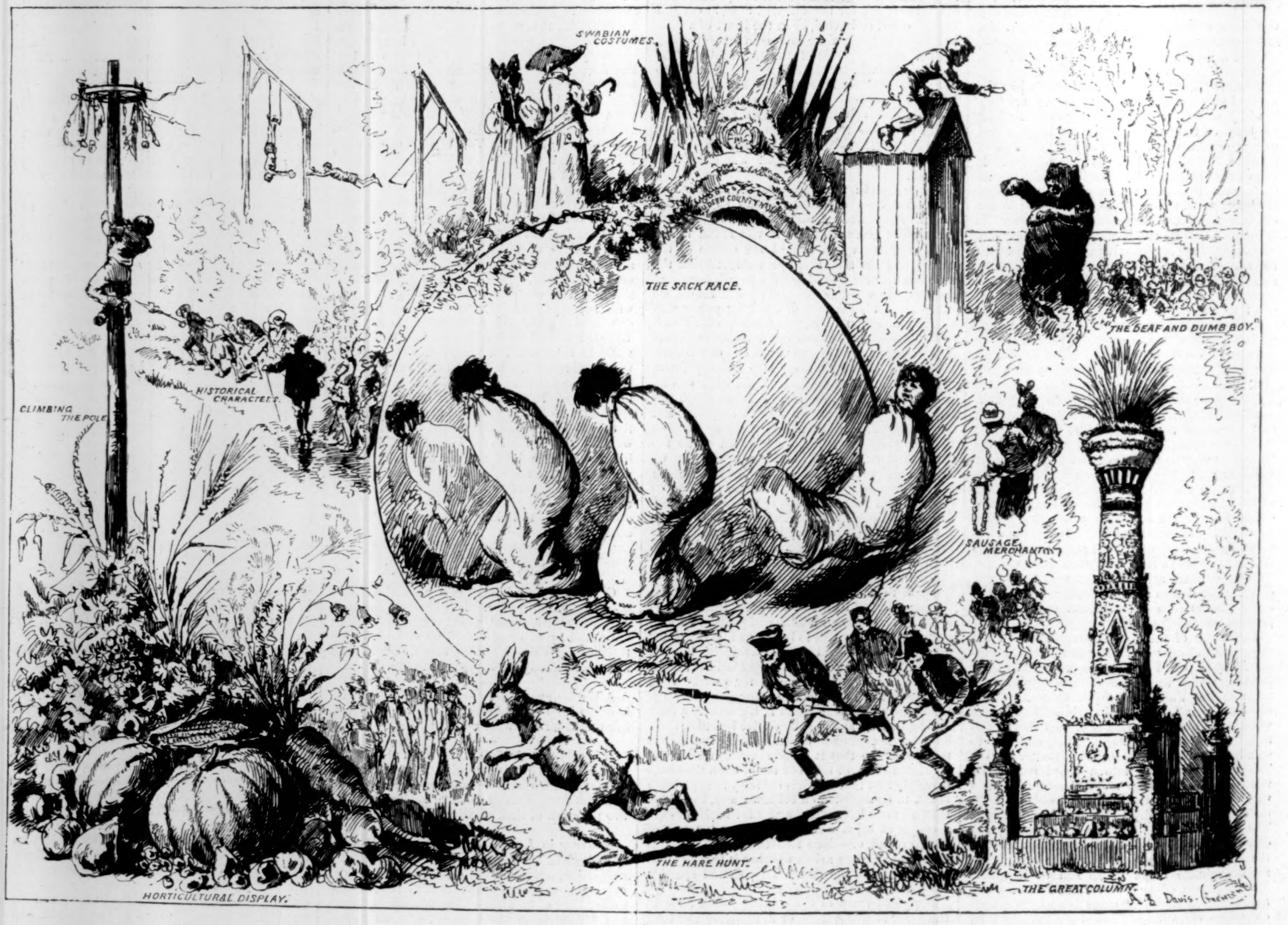
In 1842, at the age of twenty-two, young Spencer published a pamphlet on *The Proper Sphere of Government*, an ethical discussion of individual rights and public duties. This germinal exposition was developed into a volume, and published in 1850 under the title of *Social Statics*. This book was an attempt to establish a scientific basis for private and public morals. Finding that the subject demanded far more extensive treatment, he projected a series of works, scientific in method, to bring out this view, and the last of them is a treatise on the *Principles of Morality*, of which the *Data of Ethics* has been recently published. He is thus upon the same track of thought that he entered forty years ago, and all his intermediate labor has been pursued with distinct reference to the final result.

But this alone will not account for Spencer's hold upon the thought of the age. He is widely known as the philosopher of evolution, but he was led into the investigation of this great doctrine by the necessities of his studies in ethical science. His first pamphlet is full of the idea of progress and adaptability in man and his social relations. In *Social Statics* the idea of evolution, though vaguely presented, has become the key to the discussion, and from 1850 on, Mr. Spencer made the working out of this doctrine his great object. This he did at first in a fragmentary way. Having to get his living by writing, he made numerous contributions of articles to leading reviews from 1850 to 1860, all implying, illustrating, or expounding the evolutionary principle in a large number of its aspects and applications. He then projected the *Synthetic Philosophy*, in ten volumes, as a twenty years' work to develop the doctrine of evolution, and has been at it ever since. To show how far in advance he was of all other thinkers in this field, it may be stated that he had written more than thirty elaborate articles in the chief English reviews, all bearing upon evolution (although by the rule of those reviews unfortunately anonymous), and had drawn up a detailed scheme of the evolution philosophy in the exact logical order which he has since followed, and all this before Mr. Darwin had published a word upon the subject.

Mr. Spencer's health gave way in the year 1855, after the appearance of his *Principles of Psychology*, perhaps his profoundest work, and which was written in eleven months. After this he could do nothing for a year and a half, and he has been troubled with sleeplessness and much nervous irritation ever since. His main business for twenty-five years has been to economize his vital forces for the continuance of his work. All his books and letters are dictated, and at the best he has been able to give but about three hours a day to his amanuensis. He seeks relief from the strain of thought by recreations such as billiards, concerts, and country excursions, and has found social excitements so disturbing that he has been compelled very much to restrict them.

In social intercourse Mr. Spencer is easy and agreeable. He is a ready and interesting talker, though his capacity for society small-talk is slender. If conversation engages him, and he is in a vigorous condition, his talk is impressive and often brilliant; but as such excitement generally costs him sleep, he is apt to decline and avoid serious subjects on social occasions. Indeed, he is more and more compelled in these latter days to avoid all argument and exciting discussion, and if he is very much compelled to do so while in this country, his friends must credit it to his low physical condition, and remember that he regrets it more than anybody else.

E. L. Youmans.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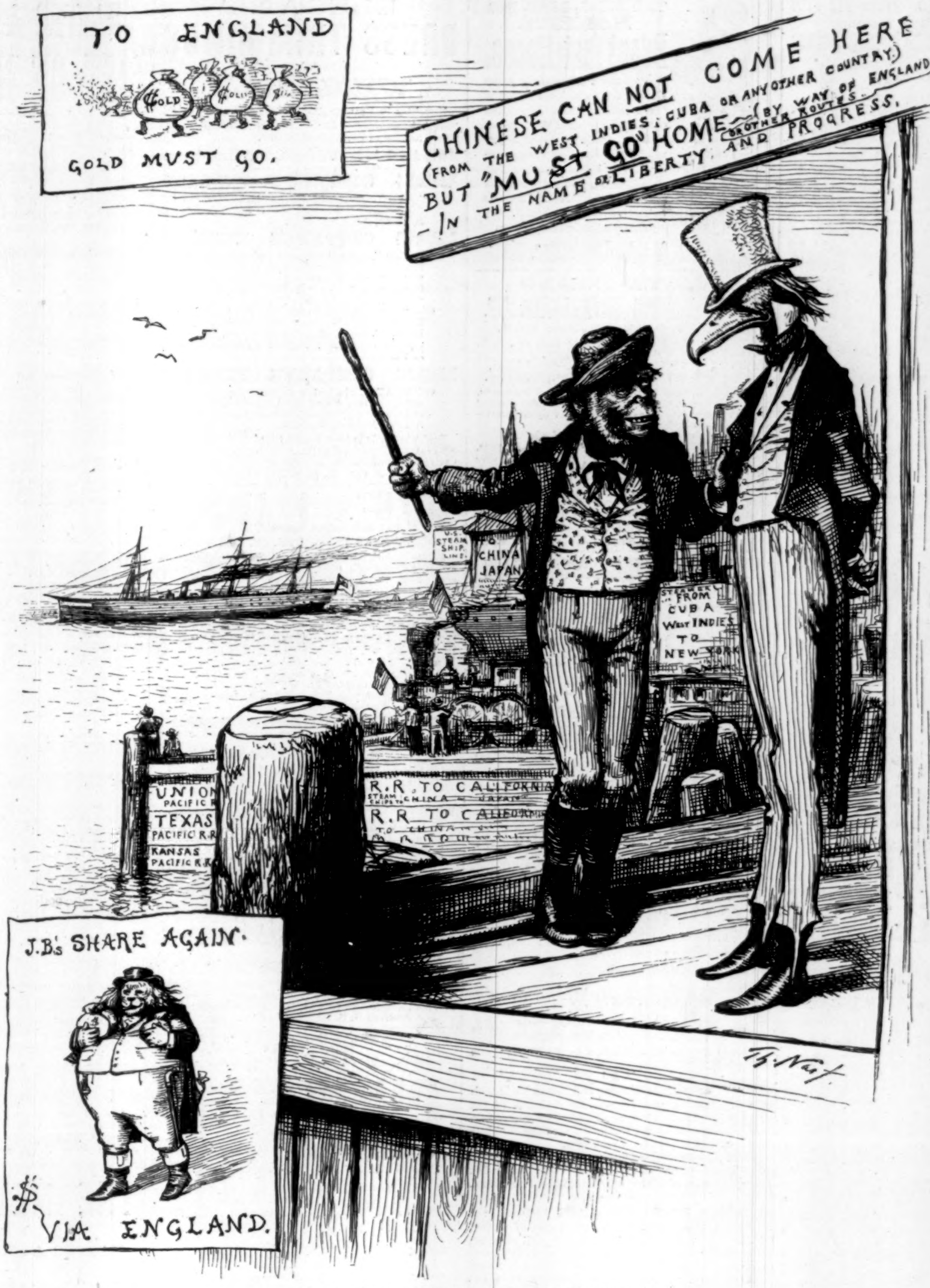
HOW THEY MARRY IN CHINA.

Among the pure Chinese, and especially among the higher classes, marriage is a long and serious affair. From the almost Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to betrothal, and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character equivalent to the *bazvalan*, or marriage broker, of ancient Brittany, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency Office, or the daily marriage advertisements of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner first, and negotiate the transfer after. If you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own tastes as well as the interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your accredited ambassador. There is, however, one preliminary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a fatal difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is Chun and you are Le, or she is Kwan or Yu, and you rejoice in any other patronymic monosyllable, the next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date and hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness; if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortune-tellers in China as it is elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is, if the station and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form. The wedding presents are then sent, and if accepted, the young couple are considered as legally betrothed. A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, whilst the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated tea-pot, and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent, as we might imagine, by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection.

In the evening the bridegroom comes with a whole army of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and gilding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up securely out of sight, and the whole procession, preceded by a band of music and the dragon, and closing with the bride's bandboxes, starts for home. On arrival, she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably in order to prevent her bringing any evil influence in with her. She then performs the kowtow to her husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betel-nut to the assembled guests. She now retires to her chamber, where she is unveiled by her husband; she then returns, again performs obeisance to the assembled guests, and partakes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened, the other with bitter herbs infused in it, are drunk together by the newly married pair, to symbolize that henceforth they must share together life's sweets and bitters. The next morning the gods of the household are worshipped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions.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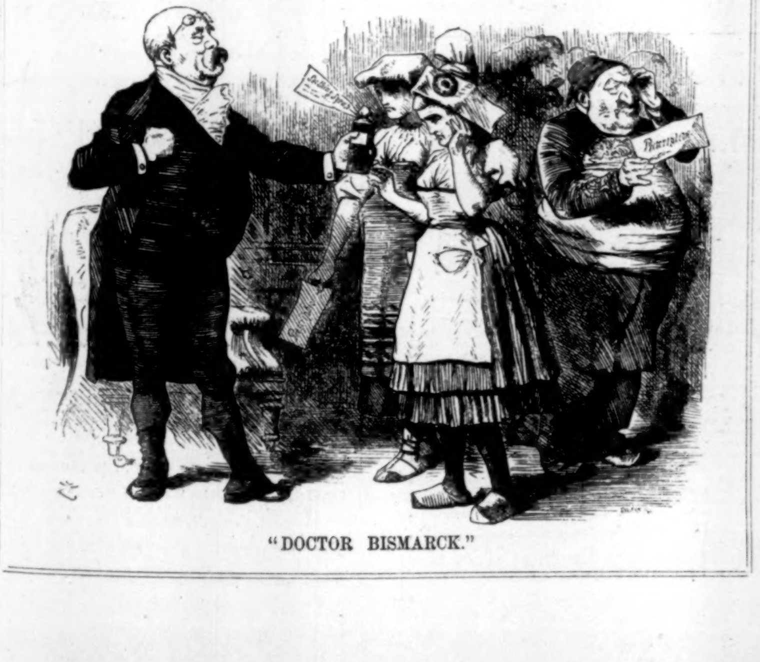

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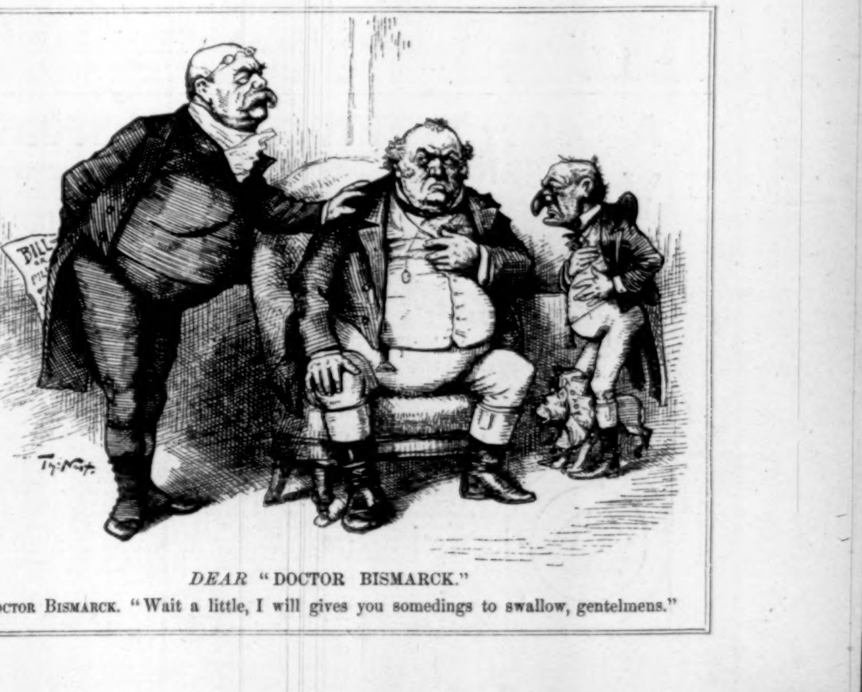

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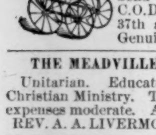

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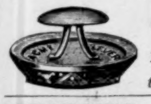

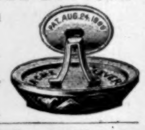

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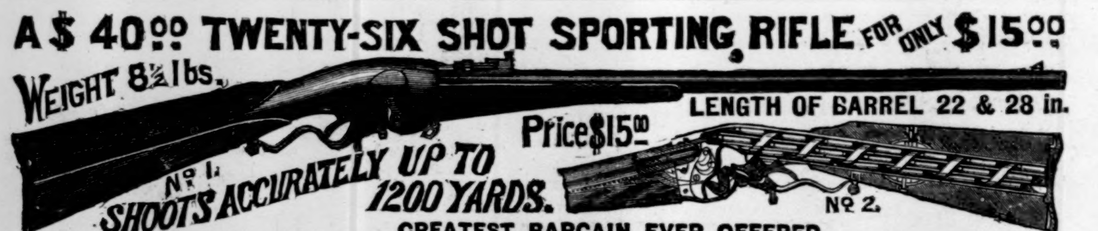
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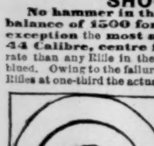
No 2.

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

THE EVANS TWENTY-SIX SHOT MAGAZINE SPORTING RIFLE.

SHOOTS 26 SHOTS IN 60 SECONDS WITHOUT REMOVING FROM THE SHOULDER.

No hammer in the way. Throwing down the guard ejects the shell, loads and cocks. Having sold through our advertisement a short time ago over 2000 Rifles, we now offer the **balance of 1500 for $15 each.** THIS IS POSITIVELY YOUR LAST CHANCE to get one of these **magnificent Rifles.** THE EVANS **is without exception** the **most accurate, longest ranged, easiest loaded, quickest fired, best constructed** and **most perfect repeating Rifle** in the world. It is **44 Calibre, centre fire.** ENGRAVED BLACK WALNUT STOCK and sighted with **graduated sights up to 1200 yards,** at which distance it is more accurate than any Rifle in the world. The magazine contains 26 shots, and is located in the stock as shown in cut No. 2. The working parts are all steel of the finest quality, case hardened and blued. Owing to the failure of the EVANS RIFLE CO. who spent over $200,000 in perfecting this Rifle, we were enabled to purchase their whole stock of over $50,000 worth of perfect Rifles at one-third the actual cost of manufacture. The price of these Rifles has always been **$40 each,** and when this lot is sold they cannot be purchased again at any price. **Order now,**



you cannot make a mistake, as you can readily sell it for **$30 to $40.** TAKE NOTICE, upon receipt of $15 we will send one **Evans** Twenty-six Shot **Sporting Rifle,** 22 inch barrel, as above described, carefully boxed, and when full amount of cash comes with the order we will send a box of reloadable metallic cartridges. Or sent C. O. D., privilege of examination, upon receipt of $3, or your Express Agent's guarantee that it will be returned to us free of express charges in case you do not take it, but we do not send the cartridges when sent C. O. D., as this is extra inducement to those who send cash with order. We also have a few hundred **elegant 28 inch** barrel Rifles at $17 each, and a few 28 inch octagon barrels at $20 each. This last-named Rifle formerly sold for $60, and is the most beautiful and accurate weapon in the world. **Send Money by P.O. Order or Registered Letter at our Risk.** Price of Reloading Tools for reloading shells $4.00, former price $6.00. Cartridges $2.50 per 100. **EVANS Cartridges** can be reloaded many times. **Every Rifle guaranteed perfect or money refunded.** UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS! "The Evans has been my constant companion for two years. I have shot 60 Buffaloes at one run.—Kit Karson, Jr. "I have used the Evans in competition with the Sharp, Winchester, and Ballard, it beats them all."—J. Frank Locke, Burnamsville, Minn. "It shoots like a house a fire! I can clean out a whole band of Indians alone with it. I shall recommend them wherever I go."—Texas Jack. "It is the Strongest Shooting Gun I ever put to my shoulder, and as for accuracy it can't be beat. I know it to be the best Rifle in the market."—J. A. Boyd, of Yates' Sharp Shooters. **We will forfeit $500 if this Rifle is not as represented.**

TAKE NOTICE. This target was made with the Evans shooting off-hand at 200 yards at Creedmoor, Sept. 17th. The whole 26 shots being fired inside of one minute, and without removing the Rifle from the shoulder. Of course much finer shooting could be done by taking time. As to our responsibility we refer to any Mercantile Agency, Express Co. or reputable business house in this city. CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

easy and ladylike! clean and genteel!

In presenting this wonderful help to housekeepers before the readers of this Journal, they must bear in mind that it is no new untried thing, but has

the endorsement of leading newspapers—
the endorsement of prominent physicians—
the endorsement of well-known housekeepers—

THE HISTORY OF THIS WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A Philadelphian of Domestic habits and scientific attainments had his attention drawn to the fact that there had been no improvement made in the way of washing clothes and being more and more convinced of the importance of the subject the more he investigated it, and his family also becoming thoroughly interested in the matter, he was finally led to make extensive experiments which were conducted in his own house and under the immediate personal supervision of his own family, in order to see if a soap could be made by which clothes could be washed clean without such hard rubbing and without the necessity of Scalding and Boiling.

The Result was far beyond anticipation

for The Frank Siddalls Soap which was the result of these long and patient experiments has proven to be an article of most wonderful merit.

Over two years actual test by Private Families and Public Institutions

have proved that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes answers for the entire family wash—fine laces and lace curtains, Bed and Table Linen, lawns, calico, flannels, blankets and underwear.

It should be tried in the house of every rich person, because it is made of splendid materials and makes the wash look better than it can be made to look any other way, and because it is the best Soap that can be used for fine laces, fine cambrics, fine garments of infants, as well as for table linen, bed linen, and flannels.

For the Toilet the Frank Siddalls Soap has no equal. It is the only Soap adapted for all uses. For cleaning teeth it is better than Castile Soap; the materials of which it is made are so pure, sweet, and clean that the most fastidious need not hesitate to use it. For washing a young infant it has no rival among the most celebrated Soaps of England and France.

The hands will not chap or roughen from using it for the toilet. No other Soap should be used, and plenty of the lather should be allowed to stay on the Skin.

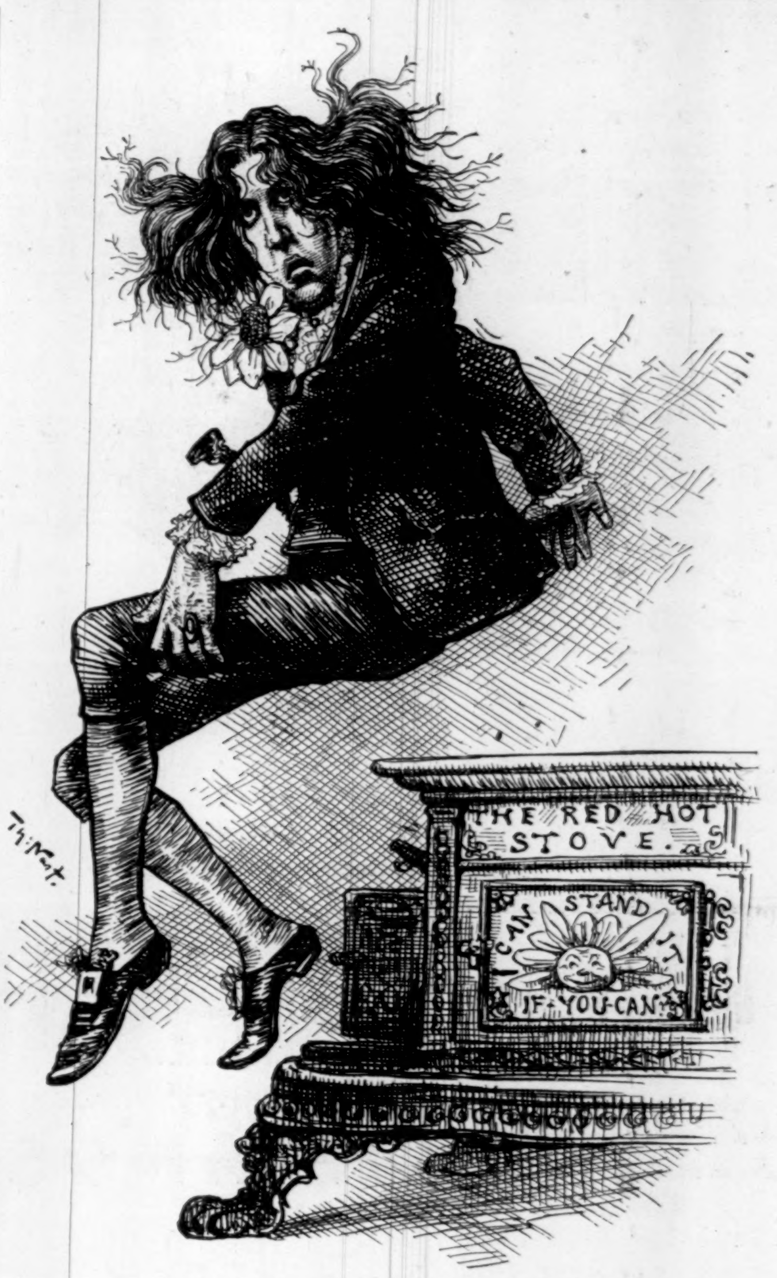
Now each clean, neat housekeeper is asked to try this wonderful way of washing.

It should be tried in the house of every poor person, for it saves so much fuel that it is the cheapest Soap a poor person can use, cleaning the coarsest, dirtiest clothing, and making the work so light that it is not even tiresome. Women who do their own washing will find the Frank Siddalls Soap a grand help if they will put aside all prejudice and try it one time on a regular washday and on an entire wash BY THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

For SCRUBBING it is a very cheap Soap to use, if care is taken not to throw it in the water, but instead, to rub a little of the Soap on the scrubbing-brush.

So in WASHING DISHES, a very little rubbed on the dishrag will wash a great many dishes, and the dishrag will always be clean and sweet.

For the TOILET and for SHAVING its low price makes it within the power of the poor man to use as good Soap as the rich man.


THE RED HOT STOVE.
I CAN STAND IT IF YOU CAN
Th. Nast.

OSCAR WILDE ON OUR CAST-IRON STOVES.
Another American Institution sat down on.

Even a Person of but ordinary intelligence will know for certain that a Soap good for the Skin cannot possibly hurt clothing.

Sensible Women

never get mad when new and improved methods are brought to their notice but will always feel thankful when their attention is called to such things.

Refined Women

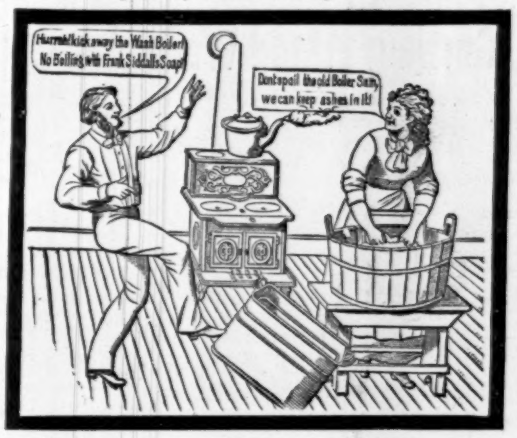
will be glad to try an easy clean neat way of washing clothes in place of the old hard sloppy way.

And now kick away Prejudice!

Kick away the Wash Boiler!

and give one fair square honest trial to the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Don't try it on part of the wash—try it on the whole wash and try it just as the directions say, no matter how odd it seems or how different from your own way.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

Persons who write for a Cake of the Soap must promise in their letters that they will have every direction strictly followed.

Ask your Grocer for Frank Siddalls Soap:—Sold by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co.—F. H. Leggett & Co.—Austin, Nichols & Co.—S. Burkhalter & Co., and 50 others of the leading Jobbing Houses of New York City. Sold in Chicago by Gray, Burt & Kingman—Harmon, Merriam & Co.—Rockwood Brothers, and others. Sold in San Francisco and in every prominent city in the United States from Maine to Texas.

Directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

Where it is not sold at the stores.

1st. Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.

2d. Say she saw the Advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

3d. Promise that the Soap shall be used the FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Now by return mail a full size, 10-Cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be the cheapest way to introduce it.

Of course only one cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it, the stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

Address all Letters, OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.